

The TATLER

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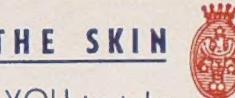
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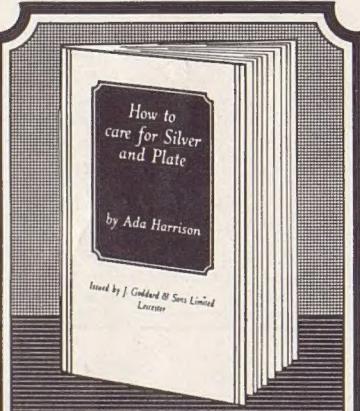
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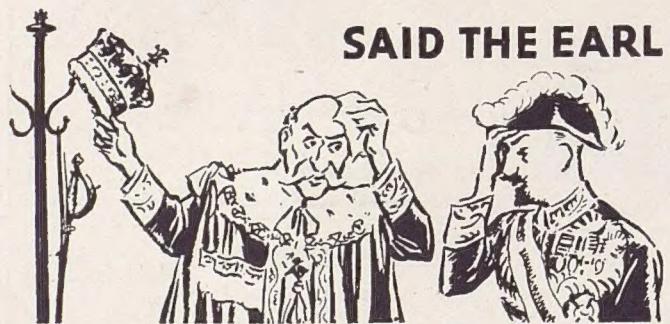
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The TATLER

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THE KING REVIEWS HIS NAVY: THEIR MAJESTIES ABOARD "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

Their Majesties, with Princess Elizabeth, are seen on their way to the bridge as they left Portsmouth for Spithead in the Royal Yacht before the Review, in which the Navy greeted their newly-crowned King. The Merchant Marine, yachts and crowded shores were eager to acclaim their loyalties, and on this occasion with a special significance. This sentiment was expressed at the time of King George V's Jubilee Review in the closing words of a poem in this paper: "The English trust in three great things: The Sea, Their Ships, Their King."

PANORAMA



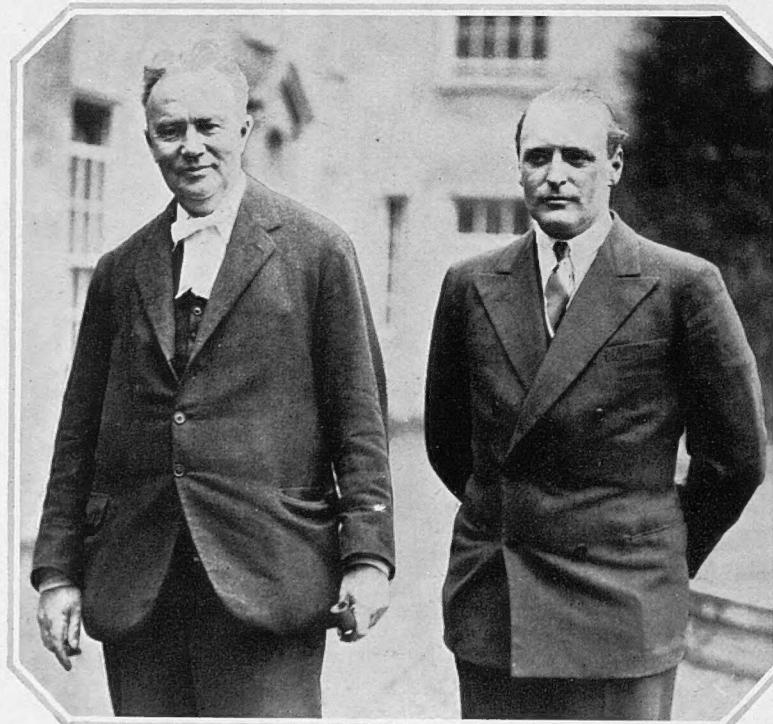
T.R.H.'S PRINCE AND PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA AND CROWN PRINCE MICHAEL OF RUMANIA

At the Royal Albert Hall for the Coronation Costume Ball, held in aid of a National Theatre. The Prince Regent of Yugoslavia and his wife, who is the Duchess of Kent's sister, were in the King's Box, together with King Carol of Rumania's fifteen-year-old son, and many other visiting Royalties

THE last two weeks have been "a whirl" of pageantry, parties and personalities. In fact, it is difficult to put into words even a slight impression of the days and nights of pomp and gaiety. It has all been thrilling, exciting and rather breath-taking. Never again can the world call us "dull dogs" or say we take our pleasures sadly!

Echoes of the Coronation are still being discussed, and almost everyone I have met since has told me they were in the enviable position of being "able to put out my hand and touch the coach as it went by," all of which goes to show that the wish really is the father to the thought!

But I am told on excellent authority that one of the most dramatic moments occurred a few days before the great ceremony when the final preparations were being completed in the Abbey. Everything possible had been tested and tried out time and again when someone happened to glance up at the huge and extremely heavy chandelier that hangs above and slightly in front of the altar. A man was sent aloft to examine it, and reported that the supporting chain had worn so thin in the course of time that there was grave danger of it snapping and precipitating the chandelier on to the thrones beneath! It is incidents like this that must almost have caused grey hairs to appear on the Duke of Norfolk's head.



H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY AT OXFORD

During his Coronation visit to this country the Crown Prince of Norway went to Oxford to receive a Degree of Civil Law and to spend the week-end at his old college, Balliol. With H.R.H. here is the Master of Balliol and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, Mr. A. D. Lindsay, the Crown Prince's host. Through his mother, H.M. the Queen of Norway, Crown Prince Olaf is a grandson of King Edward VII and first cousin of King George VI



H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF NORWAY

Vandyk
The lovely wife of the heir to the Norwegian Throne is a sister of the late Queen Astrid of the Belgians and was Princess Martha of Sweden before her marriage, which took place in 1929. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway have two daughters and a son who was three months old last week

The cheerful crowds streaming through the streets drew people out in the evenings of Coronation week quite as much as the illuminations they ostensibly set out to see, and the seething mass that surged round the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace every night was "a sight" in itself.

Unrecognised amongst them and calling "We want our King" with the best were their Highnesses Princess Marie Louise and Princess Helena Victoria, who doffed the Royal robes they had worn at the Abbey and set forth in tweeds and goloshes with a party that included Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Crown Prince Frederik and Princess Ingrid of Denmark, and Prince Gustav Adolf and Princess Sibylla of Sweden.

The Royal party thoroughly enjoyed their outing, and the pushing and jostling of the vast crowds had for them the charm of a completely novel and exciting experience.

* * *

It is a remarkable fact that, so far as I know, no one has drawn attention to a striking innovation introduced at the Courts of the new reign when all the ladies in the Royal circle appeared for the first time without veils and feathers. Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary never wore feathers when holding Courts, but up to now all the Royal ladies attending them have invariably done so, but Queen Elizabeth has decided they are henceforth to dispense with them. This new rule explains why the photographs of Lady Iris Mountbatten in her Court dress show her wearing a diamond bandeau but no veil or feathers.

As the daughter of Lord Carisbrooke, or H.H. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, as he was formerly known, she did not, of course, pass before Their Majesties in the Throne Room, but was received privately by them and made her curtsies just before the Court, at which she walked in the Royal procession, and sat beside her mother with the other members of the Royal Family.

A few days after her official "coming-out," Lady Iris was one of the Queen's train-bearers at the Coronation, where she was easily distinguished by her very fair hair, which resembles that of her aunt, Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain, and by the fact that she was the only girl to wear a decoration pinned to her dress—in this case the Jubilee medal.

Lady Iris, who is seventeen, spent some months at Munich last year, and has a real understanding and appreciation of music in general and opera in particular. She lives at Kensington Palace with her parents and her grandmother, Princess Beatrice, and is naturally looking forward to the two dances that are being arranged in her honour. The first is being given on June 25 at the Dorchester by Lady Mullenex-Grayson, and the second will be given jointly by her mother, Lady Carisbrooke, and by Lady Weigall at Englemere, Ascot, on July 16, when the beautiful terraced rose gardens will be floodlit. Lady Weigall is entertaining a large week-end party for the dance which, remembering her former parties at Englemere, is sure to be perfectly organised, for Lady Weigall believes in the excellent rule that if you want a thing well done then do it yourself, and supervises every detail.

She was laid up for some days recently with very painful throat trouble and for-



LADY SKIPWITH AND HER SON

Photographed at Doles House, near Andover, in Hampshire, where Sir Grey and Lady Skipwith make their home. Lady Skipwith was Miss Cynthia Egerton Leigh before her marriage, which took place in 1928. Her two-year-old son is called Egerton, after his grandfather, that well-known Cheshire personality the late Captain Egerton Leigh, the Royals, of West Hall, High Leigh



AT A CORONATION PARTY

The Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, P.C., High Commissioner for Australia, and Mrs. Bruce with (right) Lord Macmillan, P.C., K.C., at the dinner given by the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster (Mr. and Mrs. A. J. P. Howard) at Grosvenor House in honour of distinguished Coronation visitors. Mr. Bruce, former Australian Premier, and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, has represented the Commonwealth in London since 1933. He was twice wounded in the Great War. Lord Macmillan, a pillar of the law, became a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary in 1930



A PROUD BOY

The Earl of Mount Charles, elder son of the Marquess of Conyngham, with the 11½ lb. fresh-run fish he killed on the Carron at Armat, his father's place in Ross-shire, after twenty minutes' thrill. Lord Mount Charles was thirteen years old last March

and produced many musical plays, the best known, perhaps, being "L'école des Gigolos."

Since the Coronation the Marquise has been staying with Lady Headfort, who is planning a large week-end party at Headfort on July 17, to which her son, Lord William Taylor, is asking some of his friends. If any dogs accompany their masters to Ireland, they will find a hostess in "Sappho," Lord William's Aberdeen terrier, who is much addicted to cocktail parties, and particularly to the small sausages generally provided at them!

(Continued overleaf)

PANORAMA—continued

When they returned to London after spending Whitsuntide with Sir John and Lady Maffey, Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands held a reception for the members of the Dutch colony in London at the house of the Netherlands Minister in Portman Square, when everyone was struck by the Princess's radiant *bonhomie* and by the easy charm of her husband as well as by his excellent Dutch.

Before the reception Princess Juliana received privately Mr. Donald Van den Bergh, whose father, Henry Van den Bergh, was for so many years one of the leading figures amongst Dutch people here and who, shortly before his death, inspired and inaugurated the scheme to endow a bed in a London hospital as a wedding gift to Princess Juliana.

It is sad that Jonkheer R. de Marees Van Swinderen is retiring; he and his tall and distinguished-looking American wife have for long been amongst the most popular members of the Diplomatic Corps; but, varying the usual custom that a retiring Minister returns to his own country, Jonkheer Van Swinderen has bought a home in Eaton Square and will settle in London. His place will be taken by the present Netherland's Minister at Berlin.

* * *

Most of the guests at the ball given by the Duchess of Sutherland at Hampden House belonged to the older generation. So it was inevitable that one phrase heard over and over again was, "Just like the parties at Stafford House!"

Guests recalled the splendid parties given by the then Duchess of Sutherland, mother-in-law of the hostess, and this was one of the few occasions when a comparison was entirely complimentary.

The ball, in itself, was magnificent entertainment, beautifully run, and immensely enjoyable.

Knee breeches and Court uniforms were absent—this was chiefly out of consideration for the feelings of Dominion visitors who wouldn't have had the uniforms and might have found it difficult to hire them. As it happened, the decision alone helped to add to the informality of the occasion.

The King and Queen danced, and, after a time, the general company with them—another departure from the Court Ball atmosphere.

Usually, etiquette forbids the general company to take the floor while the King and Queen are dancing.

Queen Mary was content to be a spectator, and, also looking on, we all, once again, agreed that Princess Paul of Yugoslavia looked "lovely" (she wore sky blue, matching the blue of the "order" worn across the front of her dress, and a huge diamond tiara) and that the Grand Duchess of Hesse—in a pink and silver lamé dress with a spiked all round diamond crown tiara—reminded us of a Saint stepped down from a stained glass window.

Indian Maharajahs supped in each other's company (some said because they may not eat with women guests) and the dining room downstairs was reserved for their special benefit.

Adjectives fail to describe the jewels. Every woman blazed with diamonds, the only exceptions being the comparatively small number of girls who came to this ball to companion Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, the Duke's seventeen-year-old niece and heiress.

It is difficult to differentiate, but I will put diamond wearers in this order of precedence: The Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Countess of Haddington, and the Begum Aga Khan, who were emeralds with her diamonds.

It was a lovely party. I wish I could do justice to the rhododendrons and pink tulips, the tapestries brought from

Sutton Hall, the Gainsborough portraits above the buffet, and the whole atmosphere of dignified gaiety and grand hospitality.

* * *

Undaunted by the fact that the second Court Ball takes place to-day (May 26), on Queen Mary's birthday, Mrs. William Leveson-Gower has chosen this night for the dance she is giving for her daughter, Cynthia Toulmin, at the house she has taken in Chesham Place.

It is attractively decorated with many original touches, and Lady Portarlington, who lives next door and is an old friend of the hostess, is lending her house as a welcome refuge when the crowd grows to Coronation proportions.

Amongst the many dinner hostesses is Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, who is having small tables set round the panelled dining room of her delightful old house on the healthy heights of Hampstead. The dinner is for her daughter, Priscilla Fleitmann, who has a singularly vivid, sparkling personality and has just spent six months' "finishing" at Princess Mestchersky's, in Paris, where the Duchess of Kent, then Princess Marina, also stayed.

Judging by Priscilla Fleitmann's ecstatic descriptions of her time there, incidentally—"The food was *SIMPLY* marvelous"—the process of being "finished" is anything but painful!

She is now going to literary and other classes at the Monkey Club, and amongst the friends she has asked to dinner to-morrow are Lord Howland, attractive Shelagh Morrison-Bell, Peggy Geddes, who will go on to the Court Ball, Virginia Gilliat and Mr. Henry Allsopp, who is Lord Hindlip's brother.

The Geoffrey Toyes gave a rather more mature party the other evening as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Sopwith, when the host played his own arrangement of a hornpipe from an eighteenth-century ballet with Mr. Ivor Newton, and also a waltz that he composed for Kreisler.

* * *

Indian Princes visiting London have been doing some entertaining on their own account. Invitations to luncheon parties of sixty or eighty people are given as casually as an ordinary hostess asks three or four friends for "pot-luck."

The Maharajah of Kapurthala's sixty guests, who came to lunch in a white and gold private room at the Dorchester, were there to celebrate the birthday of his elder son, the Tikka Rajah.

Loveliest of all the women was the Princess of Berar, wife of the eldest son of the Nizam of Hyderabad and a daughter of an ex-Caliph of Turkey.

The Begum Aga Khan, too, was distinguished in black and white. Some of us haven't yet got used to the surprise of seeing her husband in his Coronation week flowing black robes and high Moslem hat; we are so familiar with his appearance as a British sportsman, and especially a racing "regular," in well-cut Western clothes.

Looking ahead, the Law will be celebrating the Coronation next month with all the dignity that surroundings in the Temple or Gray's Inn can give. The Treasurer, Master Lord Atkin, and Masters of the Bench of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn are making plans for a Garden Party on June 3, whilst the dignified Hall of the Inner Temple, where members get the best and cheapest lunch in London, will be turned into a ball-room on June 16 and 18. Competition for tickets was found to be so keen that the authorities decided on two dances, and—even then—it seems that the demand for tickets is likely to exceed the supply!

The Derby is one of the next excitements, with, it goes without saying, the Derby Ball on May 31. This is the eleventh Derby Ball in succession, and Lady Milbanke, who is joint chairman this year with Mrs. James Field, has by these dances collected over £16,000 for the Great Northern Hospital—a good record in the teeth of keen competition.



LORD TITCHFIELD AND LADY EDWARD HAY

A supper snapshot at the Heart of Empire Ball, which took place at the Dorchester last week in aid of Dockland Settlements. Lord Titchfield's daughter, Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, was one of the Queen's train-bearers in Westminster Abbey, and his father, the Duke of Portland, bore Her Majesty's Crown.

Lady Edward Hay is Lord Tweeddale's sister-in-law

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THEIR MAJESTIES' DEPARTURE FOR THE NAVAL REVIEW

The King and Queen and the Princess Elizabeth driving to Victoria Station to take the Royal train to Cosham, from whence they drove to Portsmouth and eventually went aboard the R.Y. *Victoria and Albert*. On the following day the King received the Lords of the Admiralty and the Admirals commanding the three Fleets at the Review, Home, Mediterranean and Reserve, and also the senior officers of the visiting foreign vessels.

THEIR MAJESTIES' ARRIVAL ; WITH THEM
THE LORD MAYOR OF PORTSMOUTHTHE CIVIC ADDRESS AT THE GUILDHALL.
PORTSMOUTH

Their Majesties' progress from Cosham Station to the Guildhall was marked by a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm all along the route, the cheering being quite unprecedented. At the Portsmouth Guildhall, Their Majesties were presented with an address of congratulation upon their Coronation by the Lord Mayor (Mr. F. J. Spickernell) on behalf of the Corporation. Their Majesties were received by Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Mottistone, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, both of whom are seen on the right of the picture on the right below and standing alongside Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten and H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. In front of the Guildhall was the Review ship *Coronation*, a giant model of a warship manned by cadets of H.M.S. *Victory* and H.M.S. *Vernon*, a display in which H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth was particularly interested. The Royal car did not arrive at the jetty till 6.35 p.m. and then the King was duly piped aboard the *Victoria and Albert*.



MRS. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH AND MRS. RICHARD AGNEW AT TOWCESTER STEEPELCHASES

The racing people were luckier than the polo enthusiasts on Whit-Monday as they could carry on, whereas the other game was completely washed out. Mrs. Richard Agnew, seen with Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, is the daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Courage, and her husband was formerly in the 15/19 Hussars, of which General Courage is the Colonel

EVERYTHING, including racing, has been entirely overshadowed by the Coronation, for which I gather the arrangements went off practically without a hitch, due to the untiring efforts of that keen supporter of racing, the Duke of Norfolk. May we be permitted to wish a long and happy reign to their Majesties and success to the Royal stable, the latter coupled with the name of Willie Jarvis, who has been given a well-deserved honour. The horses he has had to compete with in the last few years almost entitled him to a knighthood.

Judging by the record crowd at Gatwick, there seemed to be an enormous number of people who had not been given Abbey seats, and owing to the management's absurd policy of holding up every car and charabanc to ransom half-way up the drive the congestion was appalling. Many cars spent over half an hour getting up the drive, and scores of people didn't see the second race, let alone the first. It was in the midst of this jam that a particularly ecclesiastical-looking and bespectacled gentleman thrust his head out of the window of his car and called the driver of the next car what sounded like a "toffee-nosed basket" for cutting in on him. The reaction was instantaneous and electrifying. A puce and slavering muzzle appeared from which issued a string of low, coarse oaths and a promise that when the cars were parked the original speaker would never see his homestead, wife and family again. This threat had the effect of making the first speaker pull on to the grass and, removing the ignition key of his car, leap lightly over the fence and walk up from the six-furlong post. I don't think they can have met again as I was privileged to be the joint donor of a hot meal to the aggressor on the Sunday.

Of the racing at Gatwick there is not much to be said. I should say that nothing likely to make turf history appeared on either day.

Newmarket was, however, an entirely different story. For one thing, the first good two-year-old of the season, Mirza II, made his débüt and won like a very good horse. One can't

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

say yet if he beat anything, but his style of doing it was most impressive. The Newmarket Stakes tangled up the Derby more than ever, for the newcomer, Cash Book, beat the supposed unbeatable Fair Copy, with Solfo not far away. As an individual Cash Book looks like an Epsom horse, while Solfo, to my mind, doesn't. Perifox then put up a good performance, probably the best three-year-old performance we have seen, and I had narrowed the Derby down to him and Ksar, when on Sunday Ksar got beat in a field of four in Paris. This leaves Perifox and possibly Cash Book the only possible horses in the field, and if between now and then the going doesn't bake up hard and jar the former's splint I shall go all out for him and hope that Cecil Boyd Rochfort wins his first Derby. The third day of the meeting was a shocker for backers, ending up with a super-hot odds-on favourite, Terror, being beat with consummate ease by May Wong, which, I believe, though foaled in France, is English-bred. It is very careless of everyone nowadays not to have a French book of form, for every second winner nowadays seems to be bred in France, and this was one of their best fillies. It is rather deplorable the way that all our races are now won by French horses, and some sort of steps should be taken, not to cut them out of racing over here, but to try to improve our own breed by not permitting two-year-olds to run before, say, June, by limiting the value of two-year-old stakes and giving more and better stakes for medium- and long-distance horses.

Whit-Monday is a racing festival all over England and jockeys for the smaller meetings are literally un procurable. It is pretty heart-rending to have discovered a race cut to measure for an equine tortoise, to have accepted, and then to find that the only jockeys going to the meeting have promised already to ride two horses in every race. It is equally discouraging to enter an animal in a two-year-old race at Windsor and to find that no fewer than 90 other owners have done the same thing.

I am hazy about the golden letter or number in the Prayer Book, but I do know that Whit-Monday is one of the red-letter days in the starting-price backer's calendar. All post offices close at 10 a.m., I understand, a fact which amply explains the above, the only trouble being that most offices refuse to bet on the smaller jumping meetings. This regrettable state of affairs was partly induced by a gentleman of my

acquaintance who once won a sum of no less than six thousand bars of gold on a ten-pound animal in a thirty-pound race at Huntingdon with a jockey who started "paralysed" and, incidentally, missed out a hurdle. The letter accompanying the cheques on the Monday was, in my opinion, a gross understatement of fact.

The ring has lately lost, by the death of Harry Slowburn, a great character and in years gone by a very heavy layer of odds. A particularly straight man, he was for many years on the committee of Tattersall's and his knowledge of racing and human nature was profound. I am not alone in missing him and his dry wit at the top of the rails at Newmarket.

* * * * *
At the time of going to press the leading horses in the Derby

betting were quoted as follows:—

4 Perifox	13 Goya II
7 Le Ksar	20 The Hour
8 Cash Book	22 Midday Sun
10 Solfo	25 Fairford and Renardo
12 Le Grand Duc	28 Pascal

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MR. AND MRS. JOHN GOODENDAY AND CAPTAIN THE HON. RICHARD NORTON



MRS. SCOTT-LLOYD WITH MR. MILES ILLINGWORTH AND MR. EMERSON BAINBRIDGE

Inhabitants of hermitages are, in the usual run of things, solitary and contemplative recluses and thus there would seem to be little connection between the folk on this page and the name of their rendez-vous. (Though there is always, of course, that type of Hermitage which is red and excellent and comes out of a bottle!) Mr. Walter Dunkels, seen first of these patrons of the Hermitage gala, is a leading light where diamonds are concerned. Mr. "Hughie" de Rougemont is a son of Mr. C. I. de Rougemont, a former chairman of Lloyd's. Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd was formerly in the Greys; he is senior partner of a famous stock-broking firm. Jack Doyle is, of course, the noted pugilist. Captain Richard Norton is Lord Grantley's heir. Mrs. Francis Arkwright was Miss Joyce Pepys before her marriage; both she and Mrs. Kidston, the former Miss Lydia Mason, married 12th Lancers. Mr. Kidston was No. 1 of the winning Inter-Regimental team—he appears in a picture on the "Polo" page of this issue. Lord and Lady Portarlington came in for the evening's amusement from the Picardy



LORD AND LADY PORTARLINGTON AT SUPPER AT THE HERMITAGE

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The English Scene.

WE may admire the monuments, but, within our heart of hearts, we love best the "little things" of life. In places, as well as in people. Mr. Baldwin for his pipe; Mr. Winston Churchill for his "funny hats"; the Queen's smile; the twisting, turning country lane rather than the magnificently new arterial road. For in reality, I suppose, the majority of us are "little people." We may stand in reverent humility in front of the Highly August, but we break out into pleasant humanity over a cup of tea. Not so much the nobility in those we love endears them to our hearts, but often their amusing inconsistencies are remembered lovingly when all their grandeur is forgotten. That is why the people who go around simply viewing the "sights" often really see so very little. One does not love the magnificent ruin so much as the ivy which is growing up its time-beaten walls to make the perfect picture. And so, of this England of ours, when we think of it, from far away maybe, with that heart-breaking nostalgia which is the pain of home-sickness, it is not the castles, the monuments, the superb vistas we conjure up in our mind's eye, but the simple, verdant, quiet country scene—an English lane, an English landscape, a cluster of well-beloved trees on the hillside, blue-bells in an English wood. It is, however, only too easy to become sentimental over the English landscape—sentimental and nothing else. I expect it is because the English landscape is made up of so many little things—and, as I wrote above, they are the little things in life we really love the best.

As most of us have only a vague idea concerning how the special charm of the English countryside came about, so, alas! most of us are vague in our remedies against its spoliation. We don't know how it all came to be as it is, and so we don't quite know how ruin is to be best avoided. But if you would know exactly how the formation of the English scene evolved, read a most delightful and informative book bearing the somewhat ponderous title of "The Scenic Heritage of England and Wales" (Pitman; 8s. 6d.), by O. J. R. Howarth. It is a book which describes the "bones" of England, rather than a panegyric over its beautiful body. A subject which might so easily have proved of dull general reading, but in Dr. Howarth's hands achieves an invigorating interest. He tells us how the outline of the English landscape came about in prehistoric ages, and how the scene changes almost from county to county, and the why and wherefore of it all. Take, for instance—and it is a fact which has always distressed me, coming from the Midlands where standard trees abound—the reasons why the countryside from Kent to Hampshire is merely a succession of charming coppices, with comparatively few standard trees to break the somewhat meagre growths. Compare Sherwood Forest with the New Forest, and you will see what I mean. Dr. Howarth writes: "A high proportion of our woodland, especially in south-eastern England . . . is coppiced, having only relatively few standard trees left in it. This practice probably originated when, as the oaks were felled, it was found that the hazel and other undergrowth shrubs flourished more freely as they received more light, and they too had their uses. An endeavour to save the timber trees from complete destruction led to enactments that not less than a dozen or so of standard trees were to be left in each acre, and thus came into being the coppiced woodlands with their rich carpets of blue-bells, primroses, and other wild

flora which we now enjoy, and the great oaks branching widely as their habit is when they stand far apart." And thus, all over England, man has altered the landscape, fashioning it, to a certain extent, according to his needs.

Thus, too, that great charm of the English rural scene—the English village—varies from county to county. In the Midlands, where stone is scarce, the red-brick cottages with their red tiles; in the Cotswolds, the stone houses

with their stone roofs; thatch in the south and west, and stone again in the north. Everywhere a natural variety, and each difference due, not to deliberate design, but to a superabundance of natural local riches. And, curiously enough, each variety blending perfectly into the special

landscape of its own surroundings. And how the formation of this landscape came about is not the least interesting portion of Dr. Howarth's interesting book. It is a book for teachers as well as for scholars. It is an explanation of the remarkable diversity of scenery to be encountered in England and Wales. And the reasons for this strange diversity are explained without—or only very occasionally—the least hint of dullness.

And of the writer's own diversity of appreciation, let me add that—as with all of us except the adorer of the merely "pretty-pretty"—he shows a liking for what were once considered "eyesores"—new roads, railways, golf-links, reservoirs and like innovations. He realises that they need in no way detract, and may often preserve what might otherwise be lost for all time. Only pylons he objects to. And yet I have known pylons—pylons stretching across a waste piece of lonely country, ascending a distant hill and disappearing beyond—to possess a beauty of their own, especially as the evening shadows are gathering themselves up into the darkness of the night. The book contains some beautiful illustrations, and, as the publication is launched under the auspices of the Preservation of Rural England Council, it should achieve that popularity with the general reading public which it so well deserves.

(Continued on page 378)



A SPORTING PAINTER: FRANK WALLACE

The lamentable shortage of good sporting artists is due, one supposes, to the rarity of the combination of sporting achievement with the artistic conception. Frank Wallace is one of the select few who really "speak the language" of sport, his wanderings as a big-game hunter being world-wide. Mr. Wallace, whose work has often appeared in these pages, will hold an exhibition of his work at Ackermann's Galleries, in Bond Street, from May 26 to June 26



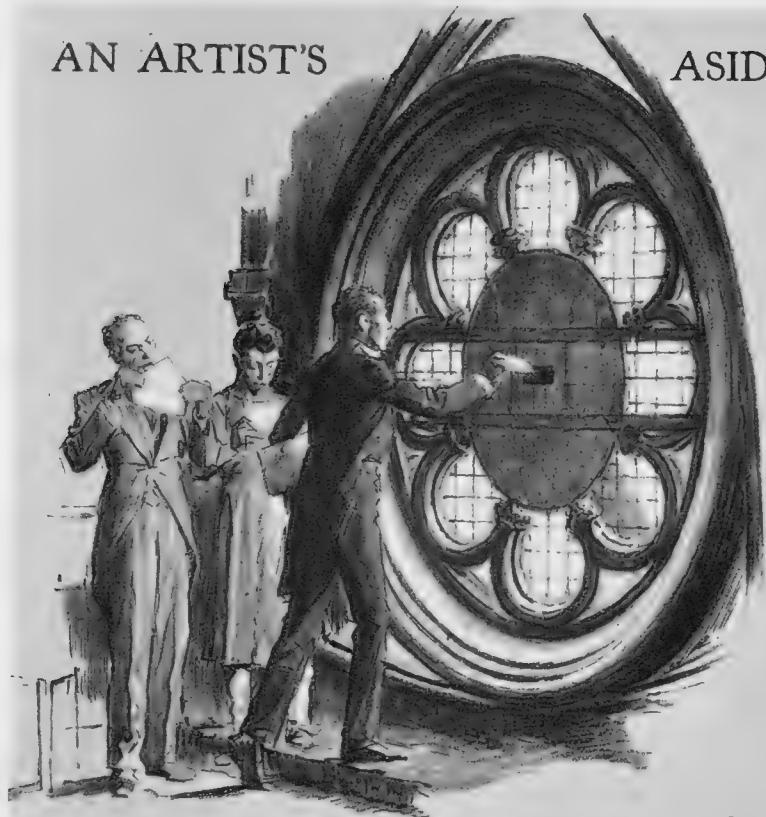
Howard Coster

PUBLIC GADFLY NUMBER ONE:
LOW, THE CARTOONIST

"Low," the cartoonist of the *Evening Standard*, was for many years a leading light of the *Sydney Bulletin*, the humorous—and often sardonic—Australian weekly wherefrom the one and only Phil May graduated. A show of "Low's" works, wherein his delicately prepared arrows fall as sharply upon the just as on the unjust, on the evil as on the good, is now open at the London Gallery, Cork Street

AN ARTIST'S

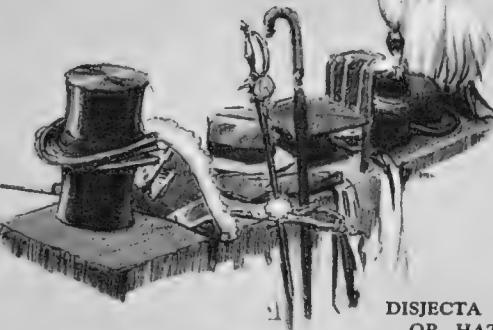
ASIDES OF THE KING'S CORONATION



HOW THE PRESS GOT THEIR MESSAGES OFF:
A "SHOOT" FROM THE ABBEY TRIFORIUM



"THAT'S NOT A BOMB,
IS IT?"
"NO; ONLY MY LUNCH!"



DISJECTA MEMBRA—
OR HATS, ETC.



A KEEN OBSERVER
AND HIS WIFE



THE FOYER OF
THE GUESTS FROM
THE TRIFORIUM—A WELCOME REFUGE

Fortunino Matania, that illustrious Italian artist, who has done such quite outstanding work in connection with the Coronation of the King of England, has enriched his collection with these sketches, which, as he says, are a quite frivolous adjunct to the general solemnity of the great event. It is submitted that this description is entirely adequate, even though the artist has ventured to call Sir Samuel Hoare a "fire-extinguisher." The Royal Navy, of which he has the honour to be the Civil head, usually can put out most fires, and in a very short time from now will be able to claim once again that it is the fire-extinguisher of the entire world. The Press were afforded every convenience at the Abbey, and Matania has pictured a neat contrivance, in the way of a Press "shoot" in the Triforium, by which journalists were enabled to pass their notes direct to waiting messengers



THE FIRST LORD—AND ANOTHER
EXTINGUISHER

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

None of Them Were Very Wicked.

The characters in Ursula Torbay's new novel, "No Peace for the Wicked" (Nelson; 7s. 6d.), do not suffer so much from wickedness as from an accumulation of little vices—far more difficult to live with than sheer sin. You know where you are with sin and can face up to it, but such things as bad temper, selfishness, callousness are always popping out in the most unexpected places; like showers of rain which don't drench you to the skin, but ruin your day's pleasure because, in between, they allow you to believe you are about to enjoy yourself. I have long come to the conclusion that the only way in which to meet the meagre vices is to "go one better" when the right occasion arrives. Otherwise they will subdue you and turn you into a slave.

Lynn, the heroine of this story, almost became the perfect slave to her unpleasantly selfish Aunt Beatrice. Of course, she had not much chance to become anything else, because her aunt has brought her up from childhood, and children seldom have a chance to be other than their elders make them, consciously or unconsciously. As a matter of fact, this aunt only brought up her niece on a series of after-thoughts. Her whole life was spent doting upon her son, Stephen. On him she lavished all her affection. And, like all "concentrators," her love was absolutely possessive. As with all such selfish lovers, the object of her devouring devotion escaped her at last—although she considered that he had wickedly and cruelly let her down. Selfish people always think they are being let down when their selfishness meets a definite "No." Stephen ran away from her with a young woman as undesirable as she was pretty. He, too, was bad-tempered, and as self-willed as his mother; but perhaps she had made him so. When he is gone, Lynn becomes the object of her aunt's tyrannical demands, masquerading as love. Together they lead a stupid, dull existence in boarding-houses; Lynn the slave to her aunt's moods, temper, and well-nourished invalidism. Once the poor girl falls in love with a young man—a futile creature who, when by accident he places her in a very compromising situation, is far more frightened for his own reputation than anxious about hers. In the end Stephen comes back to an utterly crushed and despairing Lynn. With all his faults, he did bring a ray of laughter into her life. But, somehow or other, I don't think she will laugh very long when they have been together for a while. The story, however, stops here, so we can only conjecture. It has been rather a grim, well-written tale, concerning a still rather common human tragedy—the tragedy of youth sacrificed to selfish middle-age, who, holding the purse-strings, holds most of the keys to escape.

A Saga of the Sea.

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's new novel, "All Hands" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is a glorious story of the sea. Not an "adventure story," except that every voyage across an ocean is an adventure, but a story which excites you imaginatively in every chapter. None of the characters are "outstanding": merely a handful of ordinary seafaring men. Yet each character is finely drawn. Really, however,

the hero and heroine is the ship itself, the S.S. *Hestia*. She is a strange vessel; strangely feminine. Up to a point, the engineers and seamen direct her course. Up to a point, she permits their direction. Nevertheless, she has a character of her own. A wayward character; often unaccountable in her strange vagaries. Yet, at the end, when all seems lost—the captain, most of his crew, the vessel herself—she brings them safely into port; battered, limping, but safe. And this after one of the most vivid descriptions of a storm at sea which I have ever read. Otherwise the story itself has no very definite plot, except that character-drawing, the perils, the hazards, the unexpected adventures of life at sea, when superbly drawn, as they are in this book, are sufficient plot in themselves.

And haunting everything and everybody is the strangely human character of the *Hestia* herself. And behind this the ominous indifference and callousness of the big shipping concern which owns her and sends her forth unseaworthy and unprepared. The story takes us to the north coast of Celebes, to the West India Docks in London, where a Professor and his daughter join the ship; to Tripoli and Sicily, and, at length, to Boston, Massachusetts. The S.S. *Hestia* is an unimportant vessel; the kind of ship which founders or is lost, leaving small interest behind her, except in the hearts of the crew, their families, and, to a less extent, in the minds of the men who own her. It is just this unimportance which makes the book so memorable.

For it shows us the courage, the philosophy and the mentality of the unimportant seafaring men who live out most of their lives in such ships, close members of a tiny community facing life and death together. A veritable and beautifully told saga of the sea.

Of Things and People We Know so Little.

In Mr. E. P. Leigh-Bennett's most interesting book, "The Other Man's Job" (Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.), we again learn how those little things, seemingly so unimportant because so common, come about, and the men who minister behind the scenes to our daily needs. In his professional capacity, the author was chosen by his firm to describe officially the launching and sailing of the *Queen Mary*, and this is done admirably; but he tells us that as great feats of engineering were to be found in the draining of the Zuyder Zee and of Southampton Dock. Indeed, except occasionally, his search seldom moves from England. Nor



MR. J. S. ELIAS, CORONATION BARON

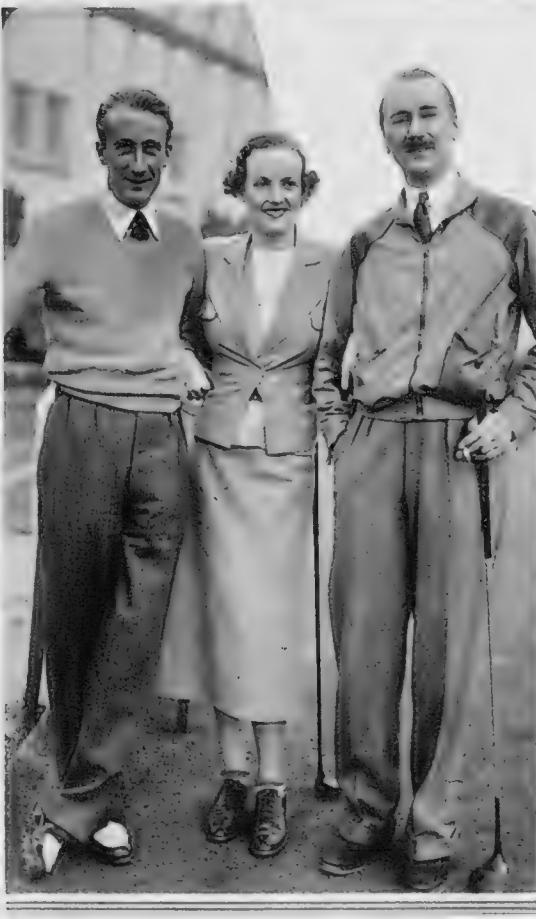
"If both by my work and my words I have been able to do something to help my fellow worker passing the same way as myself, I shall consider above all else, far transcending all else, that my life here has not been altogether in vain."

The above quotation is from a speech made by Mr. Elias at the Printers Pension Corporation dinner in 1934, and is illuminative of the character of the man. Courage, energy, application, humanity, are the corner-stones on which he has built one of the most amazing careers of our time, particulars of which are now common knowledge in the country of which he is such an outstanding citizen.

need it, with so many unknown men working so many unknown processes—processes which, nevertheless, in our daily lives are of so great importance. Have you ever wondered how the milk bottle gets filled and delivered on your door-step each morning, or how electric light floods your home, or how the gas company supplies your need, or how your daily paper comes into being; what is the nocturnal life on the railways, how river transport is effected, and all the work and invention, system and arrangements, which have to be carried out behind the scenes in those things, of which, in their everyday functioning, we take so little account? "The Other Man's Job" teaches you more about how the wheels of civilisation run—and sometimes they run in a most curious manner—than most manuals written on each subject separately.

WHITSUN AT
LE TOUQUETLADY PLUNKET AND MERLE
OBERON

LADY LONG ON THE GOLF COURSE

BARONIN GISELA VON KRIEGER
AND HER BROTHERMR. AND MRS. GILBERT
MILLERMR. AND THE HON. MRS. A. MITCHELL
AND MR. BRUCE MACLARENA GOLFING REGULAR:
MR. PERCY QUILTER

The Le Touquet golf course at Whitsun is something of a British Institution, and above are some of the people who were there this year. Miss Merle Oberon is, happily, quite recovered from her recent motor-car accident and is perfectly fit and well again. Lady Long is a granddaughter of the Earl of Wemyss; she married Lord Long in 1933. Baronin Gisela 'von Krieger, who is seen here with her brother, Baron Henning von Krieger, left with him on Whit Sunday for Lord Townshend's coming-of-age celebrations at Raynham. Mr. Gilbert Miller, the famous impresario, recently became a British subject; his wife is a daughter of Mr. Jules Bach, the New York art collector. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell—she was the Hon. Rosemary Balfour, Lord Kinross' second daughter—had a party of young Scottish folk for Whitsuntide. Mr. Percy Quilter has been playing good golf at Le Touquet for more years than most of the regulars can count. More Le Touquet pictures are elsewhere in this issue



WHITSUN GOLF AT LE TOUQUET

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate, who are Le Touquet "regulars," and are far oftener on the links than in the Casino. Mrs. Tate is the former Evelyn, Lady De Clifford, and the mother of the present peer. Some more Le Touquet snapshots are on p. 375 in this issue

week. The Amateur will lack colour through the absence of Hector Thomson, who found the strain even of practising for the Championship to be too much for his nervous system. He might have survived the week, his doctors apparently advised him—but on the other hand, he might not; he might have suffered some lasting damage. In the face of that, there was nothing left for him but to withdraw.

The outside world is inclined to laugh—and perhaps rightly—at the strain involved in modern amateur golf: some, indeed, go so far as to doubt its existence. In this, at any rate, they are wrong. The strain does exist—and has broken many a good man before now. In fact, it may fairly be said to have broken the greatest of them all.

Bobby Jones retired at the peak of his success, but a good many of his friends will tell you that he was a beaten man in any case, and that the fact of his having won all that the world had to offer had no influence on his decision to retire. He could not, they say, have "taken it" for another year.

On the surface it is peculiar that so pedestrian a game as golf should involve a strain great enough to compel healthy adult persons to retire from the game. The reason is, of course, that though no great physical exertion is involved, the nervous tension may well become unendurable over the course of a long-drawn week.

Most of the evils of the modern day are attributed at some time or another to the sinister influence of the Press. In this instance I think the accusation might be partly fair, in that the fierce publicity that attends the championships of to-day renders the champion a national figure, and gives him a status and importance by no means warranted by his achievements.

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

WHEN this appears in print, the festivities will be over, and the eyes of the golfing world will be focussed on Sandwich, where we shall be certain of at least one thing—namely, that a new champion will be crowned at the end of the

The world, when you come to think of it, would lose but little if all golf championships, Test matches, Davis Cup matches, and the like were to cease to-morrow. We should all go on with our daily jobs and be little the worse.

I was interested to note that the entry this year amounted to 223, a drop of 60 on last year's record total at St. Andrews. It is not to be expected that a comparatively out-of-the-way spot should attract an entry comparable with that at St. Andrews, but a significant point is that this marks the first occasion in the history of the Championship that the entry at Sandwich has been less than the previous entry at that club.

The Amateur Championship first went to Royal St. George's in 1892—its eighth year—when the entries were 45. Curiously enough, Harold Hilton figured in the first three Sandwich finals. In that year, John Bull beat him by 3 and 1; in '96, Freddie Tait beat him, over thirty-six holes this time, by 8 and 7; but in 1900, he emerged triumphant at last, beating James Robb in the final by 8 and 7. In '96, the entries had risen to 64; in 1900 there were 68.

By this time the Championship was going to Sandwich regularly every fourth year. In 1904, Walter Travis's year, the numbers had risen sharply to 104, and four years later they had shot up to 197—a figure that had only once been surpassed, at St. Andrews in the previous year. In the first year of the war, the total, mounting steadily, had reached 232, while in 1929, when Cyril Tolley beat



G. V. "DIGGER" CARTER

A "Mel" impression of the captain of the Hendon Golf Club for the second year in succession. The links are at Holders Hill. "Digger" Carter was the first captain of the Finchley G.C., when it was originally formed in 1930

J. N. Smith, it had risen to 253.

I wonder whether the fact that it has at last begun to drop indicates simply that fewer people are eligible to play or that fewer people want to play. Certainly, to my own way of thinking, the Championship tends to become less and less amusing as the

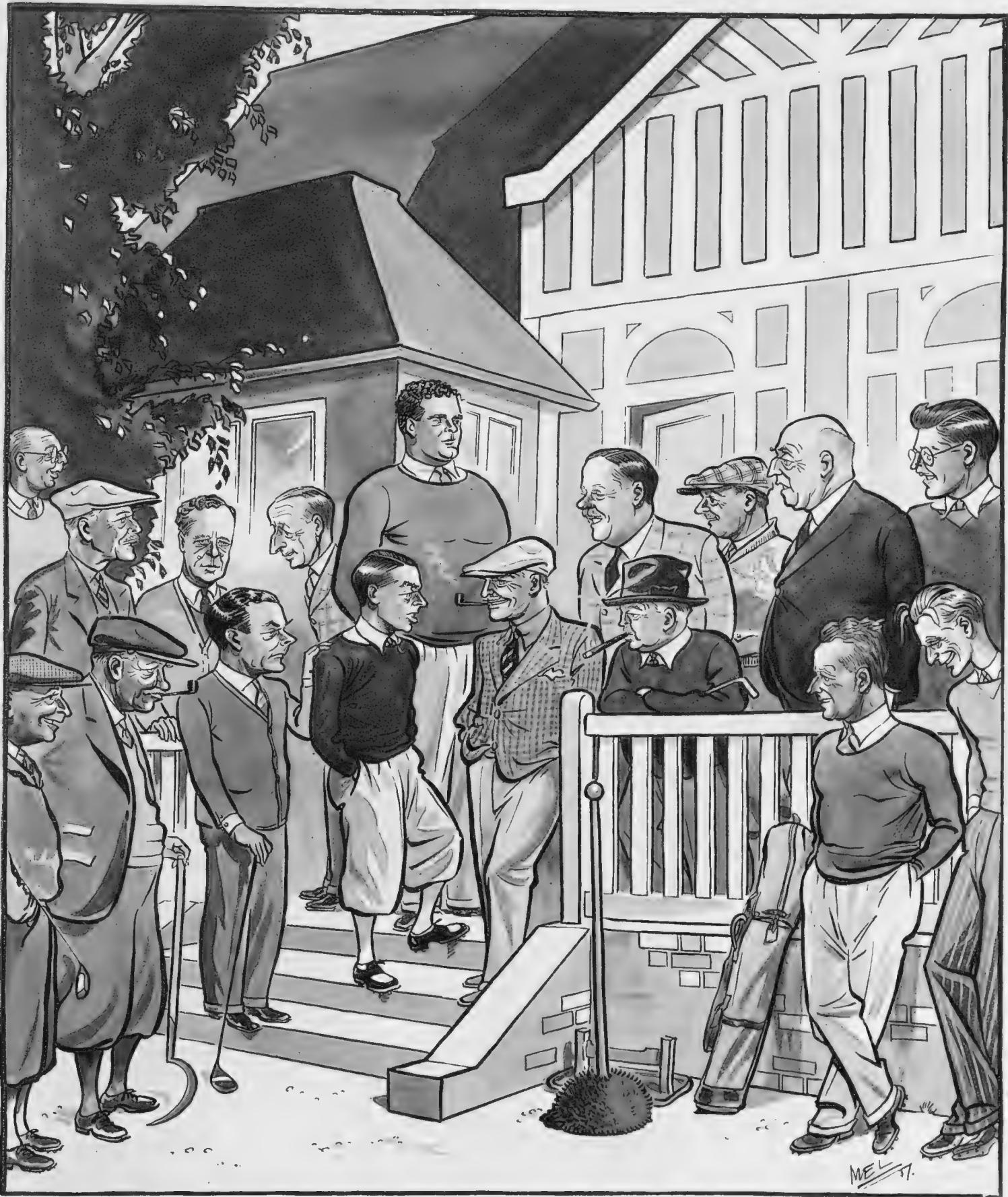
(Continued on page xxx)



ANOTHER LE TOUQUET GOLFING PICTURE

Lord Plunket, who is in the Rifle Brigade (R. of O.), and the Hon. Eddie Ward, a brother of Lord Dudley, who is in the R.A.F. and was originally a 10th Hussar. More Whitsun holiday pictures of Le Touquet on p. 375

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

The Ashdown Forest Golf Club is at Forest Row in the lovely country from which it takes its name. It has a fascination of its own in that the forest authorities will not allow bunkers to be cut, but the natural features of the ground guard the greens in a manner often better and more interesting than the artificial product could provide. There are pits and streams and heather—in fact, the game is probably very much in its original and natural state. The result of a visit by "Mel" to Forest Row is seen above, the names of his victims being: (Back row): S. R. Cooper, ex-captain; C. G. de Rougemont, an ex-captain and President of the Old Harrovian Golfing Society; David Luscombe and L. E. Milburn, both ex-captains; "Tiny" Cassels, W. O. Luscombe, an ex-captain; H. G. Flint, who has served on the Committee; E. P. Whitley Hughes, Hon. Treasurer; and Francis B. Lowe, of the Committee; in front are: Captain Arthur Scott, D.S.O., R.N., the secretary; "The Manager," Claude Johnson; Charles E. Frazier, captain; J. J. F. Pennink, the English Amateur champion; Darsie Watson, an ex-captain and twice Sussex County Amateur champion; Major-General Lord Hutchinson of Montrose, the Paymaster-General; E. B. Tipping, whose handicap is plus one; and Richard Murdoch, who is also a member of the Stage Golfing Society.

(NEXT WEEK: THE LIGHT INFANTRY CLUB GOLFING SOCIETY)

THE PARTY SPIRIT IN



AT THE CARLTON: MRS. JOHN TAYLOR AND MONSIEUR L. ORLOWSKI



AT THE SAN MARCO: FLORENCE DESMOND AND CAPTAIN HALSEY

TOWN AND COUNTRY



AT THE CARLTON: H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE OF RUSSIA AND MR. JOHN TAYLOR



AT QUAGLINO'S: LORD GILLFORD AND MISS BETTY LEE



LUNCHING AT THE SAN MARCO: LADY PLYMOUTH AND MR. WINTERBOTTOM



SPOTTING FRIENDS AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: MR. IAN MACKINTOSH AND LADY ANGELA COURTEENAY

LEFT: MR. W. R. D. VERNON-HARCOURT AND HIS FIANCEE, MISS LEATHAM

The Coronation party spirit shows no signs of abating yet awhile, and all London's popular night-haunts have gone gayer than ever. The Carlton opened its summer season in gala fashion, and the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia was there to add special distinction to the occasion. H.I.H., who was formerly married to Prince William of Sweden, and is a daughter of the late Grand Duke Paul of Russia, was with Mr. John Taylor, brother of Mr. C. T. Taylor, M.P. for Eastbourne, Mrs. John Taylor, and M. Leon Orlowski, Counsellor at the Polish Embassy. Delightful Florence Desmond recently opened at the San Marco and is shown here being greeted by Captain Gordon Halsey before presenting her brilliant impersonations of other celebrities. Lord Gillford, observed at Quaglino's with Miss Betty Lee, is Lord Clanwilliam's only son and an ensign in the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards. Mr. W. R. D. Vernon-Harcourt, South Wales Borderers, and Miss Nancy Leatham are to be married on May 29, at Richmond, Yorkshire. Miss Leatham is the daughter of the late Colonel D. H. L. Leatham, the Green Howards, and niece of Colonel R. E. K. Leatham, who commanded the Welsh Guards and regimental district, 1928-34. Lady Angela Courtenay, photographed at Grosvenor House, is Lord Devon's débutante youngest sister.

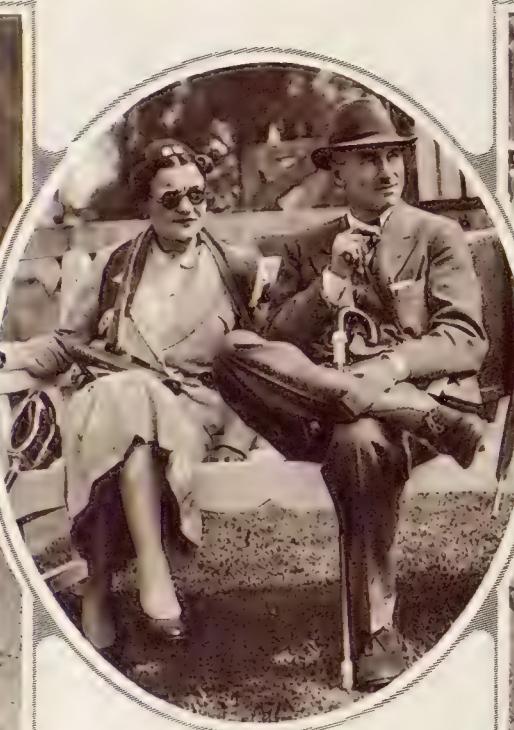


THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD (TWO RECENT PORTRAITS)

Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

Lady Seafield, who is a Peeress in her own right, succeeded in 1915, on the death of her father, the eleventh Earl, whose only child she was. Her mother, Mary, Lady Seafield, is a daughter of the late Dr. Joseph Henry Townend, of Christ Church, New Zealand. In 1930 Lady Seafield married Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, who was formerly in the Grenadiers and is the son of the late Mr. John Tatchell-Studley, of Seaborough Court, Dorsetshire. He assumed the additional surname of Herbert by deed-poll. The heir presumptive to the Earldom is Lord Strathspey, Lady Seafield's uncle

SPENDING WHIT-MONDAY 'CHASING AT TOWCESTER

LORD HESKETH, MAJOR W. E. LYON
AND MRS. P. G. ORMRODHolloway
MRS. SACHEVERELL SITWELL
AND MR. G. H. DRUMMONDCOLONEL H. A. COURTNEY WITH
MISS MANNINGHAM-BULLEREARL SPENCER, LADY CLAUD HAMILTON
AND THE MARCHIONESS OF HAMILTONMISS BEALE AND THE HON. MRS. DU
BUISSON, LORD PORTMÄN'S SISTERTHE HON. LOUISE FERMOR-HESKETH
AND HER FIANCÉ, MR. E. STOCKDALE

Given fine weather, Towcester's Bank Holiday jump meetings are always good value, and on Whit Monday, with the sun shining with all his might, conditions were exceedingly pleasant. Lord Hesketh not only owns the racecourse, but also takes a tremendous personal interest in the running of the meetings. On this particular occasion family celebrations vied with the importance of the business in hand, for Lord and Lady Hesketh's elder daughter, the Hon. Louise Fermor-Hesketh, and Mr. Edward Stockdale had just announced their engagement. Major "Ted" Lyon, one of the first to offer congratulations, used to be Master of the Atherstone. He now hunts with the Grafton, as does Miss Beale, whose father, Mr. George Beale, is junior Joint-Master. Miss Beale, by the way, went racing in uniform, as she was undergoing annual training for voluntary nursing. The Hon. Mrs. du Buisson's husband was Secretary to the Grafton from 1927 up till the end of last season. The Squire of Pitsford, Mr. George Drummond, was the King's host when H.M. first went to hunt with the Pytchley. Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell is the wife of the younger of the famous Sitwell brothers, the elder of whom recently had the honour of staying at Windsor Castle. Lord Spencer, who was with two relations by marriage, is the Duke of Abercorn's son-in-law

POLO IS WITH

US ONCE AGAIN!



RAO RAJAH HANUT SINGH AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT P.C.



MAJOR F. W. BARRETT, VIJAY BAHADUR SINGH AND THE MAHARAJAH OF RUTLAM



THE NAWAB OF BHOPAL, ANOTHER BEAUFORT POLO CLUB PICTURE



CAPTAIN L. H. SHEDDEN, MRS. J. H. ASHTON AND MISS G. ANDERSON



GEN. SIR H. DE BEAUVOIR DE LISLE, CAPTAIN C. T. I. ROARK AND (ON PONY) RAJKUMAR PRITHI SINGH

Photos: W. Dennis Moss

All these snapshots were taken at that wonderful polo centre, the Beaufort Hunt P.C., whose numerous grounds are at Norton, near Malmesbury, and it is here that many of the crack teams we are going to see in action in the London season have been having a knock-up. Bhopal and Goulburn, the Ashton Brothers' team from Australia, have had one or two encounters, but the results need not be taken very seriously. Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, selected for England last year, but put out of action by an accident, is a unit of the Nawab of Bhopal's team, and Rajkumar Prithi Singh may be its No. 1. The Maharajah of Rutlam, very famous in Indian first-line polo, means to play in London this season. His Indian handicap is 5. It is hardly necessary to say who the other person in the same group is. "Rattle" Barrett skippered the team which brought back the International Cup from America in 1914, since when we have failed to win it again. The most interesting figure of all those in this little gallery is General Sir H. de Beauvoir de Lisle, who made polo history with his famous Durham Light Infantry team in India in 1896-97-98. They were quite unbeatable and completely revolutionised polo tactics. Sir H. de B. de Lisle afterwards went to the Cavalry and commanded the Royals. Captain Pat Roark, the famous ex-International, is playing for Major J. F. Harrison's "Knaves" this season—a pretty hot side

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE



PALLADIUM PEOPLE: (TOP TO BOTTOM) BUD FLANAGAN AS DAME WEST, AFRIQUE, WILBUR HALL, CHESNEY ALLEN, JACK HYLTON, VIC OLIVER, GAUDSMITH BROTHERS

Swing Time

THE new vaudeville, for which the performers are required to wander into each other's turns, and for which good teams stay unchanged while public support lasts, has two strongholds in London—the Palladium and the Victoria Palace. These houses must be a godsend to the distributors of films, the advertisers of branded goods, and the manufacturers of radio sets; for no programme at either fails to contain plenty of imitations of big noises of the screen, lots of wisecracks on much-advertised products, and frequent fun about modes and manners in broadcasting. The present variety show at the Palladium, *Swing is in the Air*, necessarily depends for much of its brio upon Jack Hylton's remarkable band; but between whilsts there are caricature-imitations of Dame Mae West, the Misses Gracie Fields, Sophie Tucker, and Shirley Temple, Astaire and Rogers, Ltd., and Messrs. Wallace Beery, Maurice Chevalier and Arthur Tracy, not to mention Messrs. George Bernard Shaw and George Robey, and also various operatic notabilities that are brought to exaggerated life by Afrique, who is a fine baritone in his own right. And a dozen references give free advertisements to proprietary articles that like to be mentioned; while radio benefits from the usual burlesques of things done by the B.B.C.

Bud Flanagan has outlasted, at the Palladium, the other bright, particularised stars of the years when that theatre took pride in having gone crazy; and truth to tell, only Nervo and Knox among his former colleagues in lunacy leave a noticeable gap. Mr. Flanagan, thus left to be king of the crazy castle (with Chesney Allen as

accommodating consort), works harder and with much broader effect than he did when he was a member of a humorous Soviet. His speciality is horse-play (in this instance it includes play with a real carthorse and resultant bucket and spade), but at his best he can clown like an outsize Leno.

Vic Oliver ("London's favourite American comedian") is affable and unconcerned as Bud Flanagan, but in method he is at the opposite end of the humorous stick. He dresses coarse matter in suave, quick-fire manner, and manages to give polish of a sort even to the scratching of a leg and the wiping of a nose, as well as to tricks with piano and off-key fiddle.

The supreme fiddle-trickster, however, is Wilbur Hall, who juggles with a small violin as though he were a Cinquevalli, plays it like a minor virtuoso, and is as exact as Big Ben in timing his jugged notes.

I am, for the rest, no more of an enthusiast for musical stunts than I am for Jack Hylton when he leaves his conducting to join the comedians and be self-consciously unself-conscious. But when he is directing his grandiose Band (now decorated by the addition of female "swing-singers"), the showmanship is as brilliant as the effects are rousing, whether the theme be a lovebug's bite, a patriot's chorus, or undefined hotcha.

After seeing (and especially hearing) *Swing is in the Air*, I am no wiser than before about what this notorious "swing" is or is not; but when its clamour is thus effectively rendered, I like it well enough.—A.B.



*"Wonderful
World"*



ETHEL REVNEL
AND
GRACIE WEST
IN
COCKNEY KIDS

AT the Victoria Palace Florence Desmond is the nearest equivalent to the Palladium's Bud Flanagan. I would not go so far as to say that Miss Desmond is Flossie to the hearties of Westminster, Chelsea and thereabouts, in the same way as Mr. Flanagan is Bud to the Palladium's patrons; but she is a prime favourite, and the management of the Victoria Palace is wise in including her in every other one of its bills. In any case, she supplies a dozen stars for the price of one. Bergner, Dietrich, Camille-Garbo, Gracie Fields, Tallulah, Jessie Matthews, Hensons and Cowards—nobody else could assemble together these and more of the sort while making them seem so nearly authentic. As imitator of heavenly (and infernal) bodies of the screen and stage she is incomparable—her technique has gone from strength to strength until it now surpasses that of Cissie Loftus, the only other adept at imitation who, in living English memory, was within her class. She has hit upon the idea of collecting her victims at a supposititious party given by Leslie Henson, complete with graveyard voice and mobile mouth. Like Ruth

Draper, Miss Desmond can conjure up unseen presences with a sentence or two and a shrug and a half; only in her case the presences are always absurd, often grotesque and hardly ever kind. Her Dietrich says a guttural mouthful, looks a desirous eyeful and is wickedly apt caricature. Her Gracie Fields is Lancashire and absinthe; her Cicely Courtneidge gurgles like a rubber bath; her Noel Coward tells in staccato dialogue of visiting a tropical island where he looked at the fish and the fish looked at him. Even when she does Elisabeth Bergner as a plaintive little personage, she must needs put her in conflict with a husky Bankhead, and then rub salt tears into the wounds. Her victims must need a strong sense of humour when seeing themselves as Desmond sees them; and one or two might be excused for wanting to scratch Miss Desmond's eyes out—among them Jessie Matthews, whose coy *moues*, coltish kicks and pert glances are rendered with hilarious cruelty. So, for that matter, are the futilities and ridiculous antics of strip-tease; for the management have permitted Florence Desmond to burlesque the sort of undressing turn which itself imported from America, for absurd failure in its own last production. She can, however, be funny without benefit of famous originals: witness her



EVIE HAYES,
BERNICE STONE,
STEVE GERAY

BETTY KNOX,
WILSON AND KEPPEL

comic turn as apprentice to the Talo Team of first-class acrobats. And on occasion she can be mild and mellow: witness her excellently-done old lady in a sentimental window-box scene related to the recent Coronation.

Steve Geray, almost as prominent in the lively picture presented by this vaudevillian revue, *Wonderful World*, deals in oddities, quiddities and bland eccentricities that confuse every issue he tackles. It is he who supplies the inevitable references to much-advertised goods, and also to radio matters: his Italian announcer broadcasting an Anglo-Italian boxing match uses frenzied bravura which must be seen to be imagined. Also present are clever midgets with rings on their fingers and patent leather on their toes, cavorting on a tall man's hand and putting vast good-will into tiny chuckles;

the B.B.C.'s Ethel Revnel and Gracie West, in Cockney backchat; and Betty Knox, with Wilson and Keppel, in nicely pungent dances and postures from an Oriental Never-Never land. Bright colour and goodish tunes are further ingredients; and if some few of the bits and pieces are hardly original (an hotel sketch, for example, is almost identical with an item simultaneously done at the Windmill Theatre), the performers are able to spice them with special kinds of relish.

A. B.

Priscilla in Paris

Written from Vichy. Coronation Day.

TRÈS CHER.—Ever since early this morning I have patiently wiggle-wagged this and that handle of what is supposed to be a Very Good wireless set, but with such poor results that I give up the whole business and despairingly turn to other matters. I am disappointed, of course, but, as one of those brats in *Peter Pan* says: "I hadn't really any hope," for I don't seem to have the radio "knack" at all, at all! When I write about "turning to other matters," it is really a figure of speech. Certainly, I am seated in a comfortable sitting-room at my favourite Hotel Queen's et Grande Bretagne (even in my choice of hotels I never forget that I am British born), and I am engaged on a letter to you, destined . . . but, in reality, I am writing with one ear cocked to hear whether that old wireless decides to behave; I am thinking of England, Home and Beauty, and the old heart is singing all the "God Save the King" music that my radio refuses—so far—to transmit. I should not be at all surprised if I missed my usual mid-morning glass of "waters" in order to have another shot at those damned knobs that sometimes work such magic—for anyone except me! For, oh! I would so greatly love to hear a little of what is going on at the Abbey!

Here it is raining. Not a gentle May shower to "settle the dust"—if dust there be on our macadamised roads—but an "honest-to-goodness" downpour. I like to imagine, nevertheless, that in London the sun is shining on the coach that has been described as looking as if it were "carved from butter." *Moi je veux bien!* Let's hope that those who carved it were like the Mad Hatter—or was it the March Hare?—and used the best butter. Till two days ago, Vichy was full of English people who were "doing" their cure early in order to get home for the other doing. Foolish. They will need far more "curing" after the festivities and, had they waited, they might have come here with all the famous Coronation guests who are announced. Every hotel seems to have its foreign notability in the offing. Rajahs, princes, and other Eastern potentates. All the congested livers of the East are coming to demand the usual miracle of the waters of Vichy before returning to their curries and peppers and whatever other viscera-disintegrating foods they eat in their thirst-raising countries. For this reason, since I was not able to go to London, I thought I might as well come here before the rush, but already, fortified by several days of "cure," I now await the crowd with equanimity.

The programme of events ought to have been: the Coronation, the Paris Exposition, and then—Vichy! But, thanks to Mister Blum's (*have you read his pleasing little book on "Marriage"?*) soft-handed-sons-of-little-toil, the Exposition now comes last on the list. Maybe it will open on May 24th, but those who attend the opening will be wise to wear waders and helmets. If they won't wear the latter, then let them keep well away from under the scaffoldings. Personally, however, I advise everybody to come here and rest up for a bit. Just now the countryside is so fresh and lovely. Yesterday the sun shone. (It being just an ordinary, no-Coronation sort of a day, it would!) I went for a long hike with the pup.

THE COMTESSE DE KERCHOVEN DE DENTERGHEM: AN ATTRACTIVE PORTRAIT BY

J. D. VAN CAULAERT

M. Van Caulaert is a Belgian artist who has made his home in Paris, where his studio is a notable artistic and social rendezvous. An exhibition of his work is on view, at the present moment, at the Cooling Galleries in New Bond Street



SACHA GUITRY'S WIFE: JACQUELINE DELUBAC

Jacqueline Delubac is the very lovely wife of Sacha Guitry. She plays the part of Mary Stuart in her husband's new film, "Les Perles de la Couronne." This is a picture based on English history, and its production was specially timed to coincide with the celebrations of the Coronation



Photo: Nevé

Took a woodcutter's path up one of the lil' green, ant-hill mountains that surround Vichy, and found myself in Paradise. Is there any difference between "gorse" and "broom"?—I have come away without a dictionary, and, besides, I probably mean something quite different. Anyway, it's that bright, golden-yellow stuff (just like the Royal Coach, carved from butter) that grows in great clumps and bushes here all over the hills. In more sheltered spots there were carpets of forget-me-nots, also starry, fragile, white blossoms—wild garlic, I think—and lusty buttercups, as fat and almost as big as water-lilies. There are jolly little streams everywhere, and now I know why we so often have divine *truite au bleu* at the hotel. You cast your fly upon the waters, and in a few minutes you have so many fishes that you don't have to bother about the loaves—besides, loaves are forbidden if you are doing the "cure." The town itself is putting on its Sunday frock in order to greet its distinguished visitors. The painters are giving the last lick of paint to the gay villas and hotels. The gardeners have made the parks as lovely, in their different way, as the countryside. The various new baths at the *Etablissement* are spandy bright, and let me tell those of you who have spent o'er many bawbees Coronating, and therefore have to go slow awhile, that the second-class Bath House is as nice as if it were—carved from butter. I can't say fairer nor that. There is a lot more that I could tell you, but as I am here for another fortnight, I may as

well keep some for next week—besides, I have just realised that I might have wiggled those radio knobs till Doomsday without result. . . . I had forgotten to plug in the current!

PRISCILLA.

FILM FEATURES



Hyman Fink

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD ALPERSON
AND (CENTRE) ANNA STENON THE RIGHT:
NELSON EDDY AND
JEANETTE MACDONALD
IN "MAYTIME"HENRY FONDA, ANNABELLA AND SCRUFFY
IN "WINGS OF THE MORNING"ASSISTING THE ASSISTANCE LEAGUE: ANNA MAY WONG, PHIL HUSTON,
JOHN BEAL AND JOAN FONTAINE

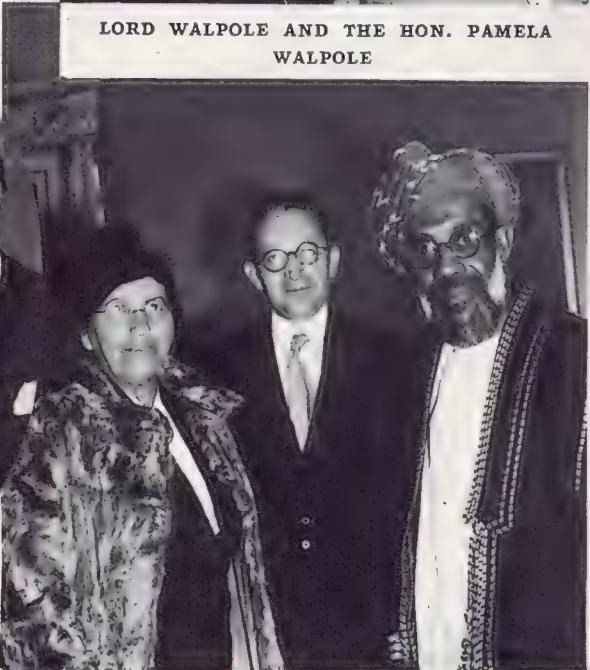
Hyman Fink

Whether on or off the set, film stars rarely seem to be out of camera range. Russian high-light Anna Sten had foregathered with the Edward Alpersons at the Clover Club, a noted Hollywood rendez-vous, when she found herself being shot. A like fate befell Anna May Wong, Phil Huston, John Beal and Joan Fontaine, when lending a hand at an exhibition of jewels and other treasures in aid of that well-run concern, the Assistance League. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette Macdonald are seen in "Maytime," a musical romance of the Second Empire, which recently had its European première at the Carlton after achieving a terrific success in America. This picture has Paris as its setting, and is concerned with the once-famous Madame Mornay. John Barrymore is co-star. "Wings of the Morning" started its run at the New Gallery on Monday last, May 24th. It is one of two films lately made over here by Annabella—that highly acceptable loan from France to England—and being in colour, as well as full of life and gaiety, is drawing big crowds

AT AN "OVERSEAS"

H.E. BARON GEORG FRANKENSTEIN
AND THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTONH.E. THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR
AND MADAME MATSUDAIRA

CORONATION PARTY

LORD WALPOLE AND THE HON. PAMELA
WALPOLELORD DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, PRINCE
ERNST AUGUST AND MME. PARAVICINITHE HON. MARY BOOT AND LORD
CLYDESDALE, ONE OF THE HOSTSMR. AND MRS. BEN ZEUI AND THE SULTAN
OF ZANZIBARCAPTAIN THE RT. HON. DOUGLAS
AND MRS. HACKING

The party at which all the pictures in this page were taken, was given at 30, Curzon Street by Lord Clydesdale and Major J. A. Despencer-Robertson, M.P. (Wilts.), to the Dominion, Colonial and Foreign Coronation Delegates. As may be observed, it was a party at which the words of a poet were completely disproved, for East met West and Zanzibar and Palestine shook hands with Westernmost London. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Zeui, who are seen with the Sultan of Zanzibar, hail from Jerusalem. The Japanese Ambassador and his quite charming wife are from even farther East. Prince Ernst August of Hanover, who is in the group with Lord David Hamilton and the wife of the Swiss Minister, was a member of the German Delegation to the Coronation. The Duchess of Hamilton, mother of one of the hosts, is seen welcoming the Austrian Ambassador. The Rt. Hon. Douglas Hacking, who is in another picture, was Under-Secretary of State for the Dominions, 1935-36, and is a former Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household. Lord Walpole, who is seen with his sister, is to be married to Miss Nancy Jones in July

MAJOR DESPENCER - ROBERTSON
AND THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET

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25/9

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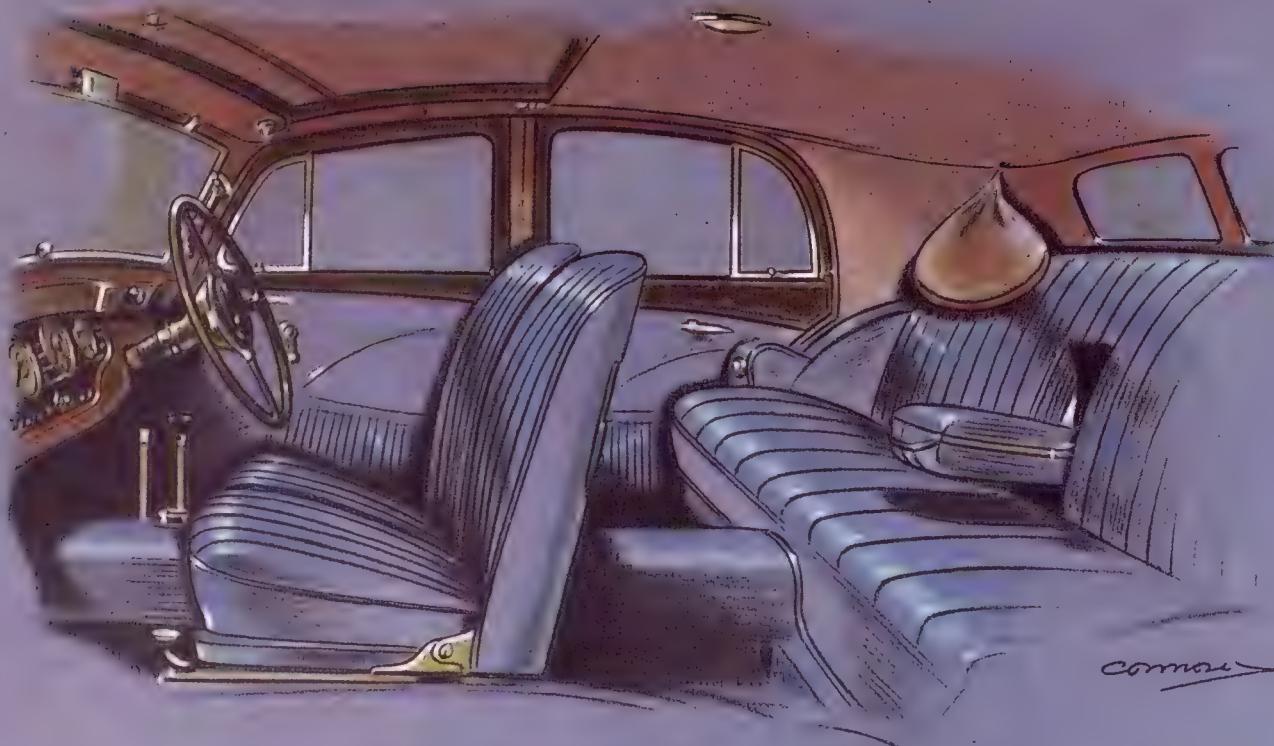
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By

Lt.-Comdr. E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER



THE GOLDE

By KEITH H
(Royal Academ

(By courtesy of the Newport, Monmouthshire



ON FLEECE

CHARLES E. ENDERSON

(July, 1936)

(The Art Gallery, Copyright)

395



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Hattstone



ALEXANDRE-FRANÇOIS DESPORTES (1661-1743) came of a peasant family living in Champigneul, Champagne. He studied in Paris at the studio of a Flemish painter, Nicasius Béernaert. Most of Nicasius' money went on drink (*Desportes recorded—Un n'ait plus question chez lui ni de cuisinière ni de cuisine*), but he was a worthy pupil of Snyders: and through him Desportes established in France the Low-Country tradition in still-life of realistic representation and dexterous brushwork. This painting is reproduced by permission from the picture in the Wallace Collection.



WHAT we see in a painting calls up associations, touches special interests, starts new trains of thought. A gardener, for instance, looking at this still-life, will probably let his eye rest enviously on the show-piece plums and peaches. For a sportsman—the game's the thing! The partridge will carry him back in memory to the stubbles of his past Septembers. But to cooks and gourmets the painting must recall fine food, making the savoury smell of *Civet de Lièvre*, *Canard à la Presse* and *Bécasse Flamée* rise in their nostrils and causing them, perhaps, to pay a silent tribute to the Aga Cooker, that master of food and miser of fuel which at last brings back the traditional flavour of the roast. For the Aga helps cooks to rise to heights they never dreamed of. Clean with the cleanliness of cream and chromium, standing ready day and night, this cooker has already brought a happy new reign of comfort and good temper to more than twenty thousand kitchens.

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AT A CORONATION BALL



MRS. GOUSSAKOW AND MRS. SCOTT-CALLINGHAM



SIR RICHARD SYKES AND LADY FEVERSHAM, CHAIRMAN OF THIS CORONATION BALL



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ROBERT LAYCOCK AND THE HON. PETER BEATTY (CENTRE)



LORD FEVERSHAM AND MRS. LEO D'ERLANGER



LADY HONOR CHANNON AND HER MOTHER, LADY IVEAGH



MR. AND MRS. MARTIN STELLING, JR., WITH MRS. WOOLF BARNATO



The particular Coronation Ball which produced these pictures was in aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic, and took place at Grosvenor House. Lord Feversham is President of the Clinic, so it was quite in order that his wife should be chairman of the Ball Committee. Princess Johann von Liechtenstein (*née* Andrassy), her son, Prince Charles Emmanuel von Liechtenstein, and Lady Iveagh had come on from the State Banquet at Buckingham Palace and the subsequent Reception at Speaker's House, which were both held in honour of the King and Queen's Coronation guests from overseas. The Princess and her son formed the Liechtenstein delegation

LEFT: H.S.H. PRINCESS JOHANN VON UND ZU LIECHTENSTEIN AND HER SECOND SON



LADY PATRICIA GUINNESS, WITH LADY JOSCELINE AND LADY BARBARA LEGGE

Americans at the Ball included the young Martin Stellings, who came from San Francisco for the Coronation and stayed with Captain and Mrs. Woolf Barnato. Three of the attractive sellers of programmes are seen on the left. The Ladies Barbara and Josceline Legge are sisters of Lady Diana Legge, who was one of Queen Elizabeth's train-bearers in the Abbey. Lady Josceline is a débutante, as is Lady Patricia Guinness

Pictures in the Fire



CAMBRIDGE v. SUSSEX: THE CAMBRIDGE XI.

Cambridge suffered a heavy defeat at the hands of Sussex, to the extent of 246 runs. The University side failed to reach expectations, particularly as to batting. The Cambridge names are (at back): W. E. G. Payton, D. S. Carmichael, J. H. Pawle, D. C. Rought-Rought, W. M. E. White, R. G. Hunt; (seated): P. A. Gibb, N. W. Yardley, M. Tindall (captain), J. H. Cameron and A. F. T. White

IT is said that a serious view is taken in high Diplomatic circles of the conduct of a tactless ape, who, on the very day that our revered Prime Minister made his great lion-and-lamb speech, slapped the face of an Italian vendor of ice-cream. As the ape's name was "Mickey," it is just possible that the Foreign Secretary may be able to fend off the almost certain war by pointing out that the offender was not an Englishman at all, but just one of those excitable Irish, and really meant no harm, as he was only saying "Top o' the morning!" in Erse. The information states that this is the only chimpanzee that has managed to break his chain and get loose. Personally, I should have thought that there were many more than one still at large.

* * * *

Amidst all the swirl and excitement and the Niagara of

congratulations to all concerned in the Coronation, it seems a bit hard that eight animate bodies, who behaved like gentlemen, should have been left out. I refer naturally to the Windsor Greys. They never put a foot wrong. How the royal stud-groom keeps their backs down I do not know. They are not the kind that the veriest daredevil would ride out hunting, or on which he would play polo; we never see any pictures of them doing road work, or being given working pace gallops in Windsor Great Park. I am sure they have never been doped—yet look how perfectly mannered they

are! Other processional horses that one has seen in other lands have been a violent contrast, and were frequently led along the route with twitches on their noses and men armed with javelins, and such-like, ready to slaughter them should they manage to break loose. They are as fierce as a tiger and far worse, really, because they have hoofs and can bite just as hard. Hats off, therefore, to the Greys and the man who has made them so well-behaved. A great achievement.

* * * *

A NENT a note upon a certain somewhat vivid adventure on the N.-W. Frontier of India in which a cavalry regiment had the worst of the deal, a correspondent has kindly amplified my "picture" and writes me:

"I feel sure that you will not mind my pointing out that you scarcely did justice to the old 1st Punjab Cavalry in your account of the Wana



Cox, Ribon

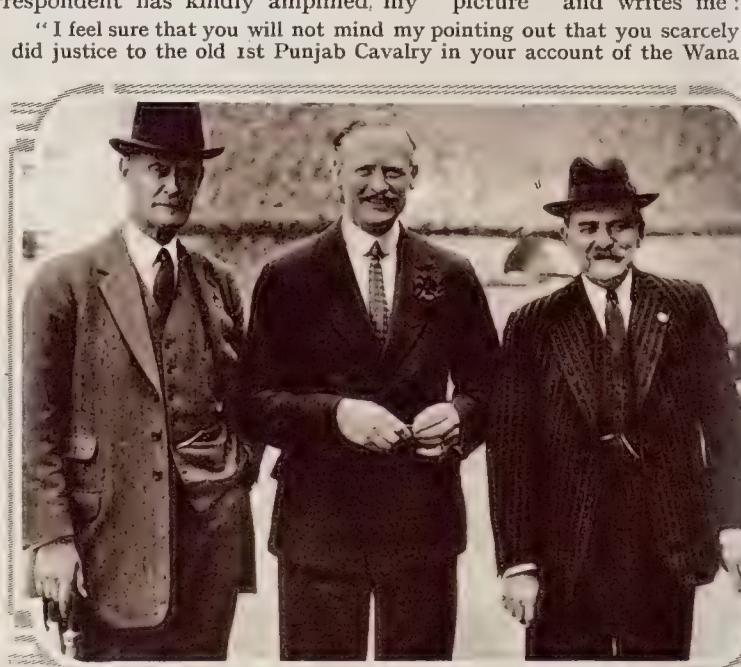
AT THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY SWINTON'S GRANDCHILD
A group taken at Swinton, Masham, after the recent christening of the infant son of the Hon. John and Mrs. Cunliffe-Lister

In the group are (l. to r.; seated): Lady Swinton, the Hon. Mrs. John Cunliffe-Lister and the infant; Mrs. R. S. Medlicott, the baby's grandmother; and Miss Hopton (a god-parent); (at back) Mr. Burnett-Stuart (god-parent), Lord Swinton, the Hon. John Cunliffe-Lister, Canon R. S. Medlicott, Mr. John Trusted (god-parent) and the Hon. Philip Cunliffe-Lister



Truman Howell

AT TREDEGAR PARK FOR WHITSUN
Mme. Simopoulos and Lady Massereene and Ferrard, who were at Lord Tredegar's Whitsun house-party. Mme. Simopoulos is the wife of H.E. the Greek Ambassador to St. James's



Truman Howell

AT THE EASTNOR CASTLE SCOUT RALLY

Another picture, with the Chief Scout in it, is on the opposite page. In the above one, also taken at Lord and Lady Somers' house-party at Eastnor Castle, are Gen. Sir Alexander Godley, former Governor of Gibraltar, Lord Cobham and General Sir Francis Davies, a former Lieutenant of the Tower of London

By "SABRETACHE"



Truman Howell

ALSO AT LORD TREDEGAR'S
HOUSE-PARTY

Sir Geoffrey Archer and the Marchese Mattei in the grounds of Tredegar Park during the Whitsun week-end. Sir Geoffrey Archer was Governor of the Sudan, 1924-26, and before that had been in Uganda and Somaliland and other charges in that dark and torrid continent

* * *

Lord Macmillan, whose extremely witty speech at the Academy Dinner was never reported, except by the B.B.C., who could not help themselves, recently did us the kindness to explain the origins of many everyday expressions and their connection with the language of the Law. I was enthralled

episode of 1894 which appeared in your notes, for you omitted the last chapter of the story. The Cavalry in the Perimeter Camp on that night consisted of B Squadron, 1st Punjab Cavalry. It is perfectly true that their horses were stampeded, some of them being hamstrung, and that the enemy were ejected by the 5th Gurkhas and other Frontier Force Infantry. The sequel, however, was that B Squadron moved out of the Perimeter Camp at the first streak of dawn with all the horses that had escaped the attention of the Mahsuds, our infantry giving them a rousing cheer as they left. They caught up the enemy in very broken ground, and charged home with very considerable effect. The Senior Indian Officer of a squadron of that regiment was then Orderly to the

Commander of B Squadron—one Colonel O'Malley, who was afterwards well known in the Cotswold country—and he got the Indian Order of Merit for cutting down three Mahsuds who were about to shoot his Officer at point-blank range. This grand old Indian could not sign his own name, but he taught some of us more about frontier fighting than anyone else before or since; and when a few years later we had a rough and tumble in Mohmand country at a spot quite near the scene of the recent epic fight of the Guides, it was a considerable comfort to have the old man by my side when I received my baptism of fire."

* * *

Crisp
CAMBRIDGE v. SUSSEX: THE SUSSEX XI.

Sussex declared with a lead of 356 and five wickets still to fall, and the University batsmen entirely failed to cope with the situation. The Sussex XI. are (at back): Cox, H. Parks, John Langridge, Hammond, J. Cornford, Oakes; (seated) J. Parks, W. Cornford, Fl.-Lt. A. J. Holmes (captain), Cook and James Langridge

having gone so far and explained how some words and expressions, perfectly respectable at the time of their birth, had slipped into the nethermost depths of degradation, why, I repeat, leave us so flat aback ?

* * *

Lord Macmillan might have told us how originally a perfectly respectable person known (to the Law) as a *cestui que trust* was nowadays someone you *couldn't* "trust" even so far as you could fling a bull by the tail. His Lordship should also, I think, have let us into the secret about the origin of that bitter sarcasm, " M'learned friend ! " and that other one, " May it please y'Ludship," counsel, as we laymen know full well, not caring a peppercorn, or a groat, whether his Lordship is really pleased or not. Our kindly instructor might also have told us why, the moment eminent counsel is elevated to the Bench, his mind becomes a complete blank on the meanings of such colloquialisms as N.B.G., B.F., O.K.,

(Continued on page xiv)

AT COVENT GARDEN: LORD MANSFIELD, SIR GIFFORD
AND THE HON. LADY FOX AND LADY MANSFIELD

They were at Covent Garden for this season's first performance of "Tosca," with Martinelli as Cavaradossi to Gina Cigna's Tosca. Lord Mansfield married Miss Dorothea Carnegie, a kinswoman of Lord Southesk, in 1928. Sir Gifford Fox is the Member for Henley; his wife is Lord Eltisley's daughter

to be told about *deodands*, *mortgages*, " *botelless*," *scot-free* (an expression which has nothing to do with the land from which his Lordship hails), *bane* and *suck-like*, but I feel rather aggrieved that he stopped so soon and did not lift the curtain a bit higher for the information of an ignorant laity. It was all very nice being inducted into the intricacies of the Income Tax people's *circumlocution* and assured that the Law was only verbose because, if it were not, someone would be certain to turn it upside down; but why,



Truman Howell

"B.P." AT EASTNOR CASTLE FOR THE SCOUT RALLY

Lord and Lady Somers, who are on the right of the group, are seen with their chief guests; Prince Michael of Rumania is between Lord and Lady Baden-Powell. Lord Somers is Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire; he is also President of the M.C.C.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

SHE was an ardent film fan, and used to drive her long-suffering husband nearly frantic by insisting on reading out snippets from the papers about her favourite "stars." One day, after reading about six of these bits of information aloud, she went on: "I see here that there is a Hollywood film star who has never been divorced."

"Really?" answered the bored husband. "Who is it—Shirley Temple?"

* * * *

A man home on leave from a port of Equatorial Africa generally held to be unhealthy was recounting his experiences.

"There's nothing the matter with the country," he said. "All it requires is a better type of settler and a decent water supply."

"If you come to think of it," remarked one of his listeners, "those are the only drawbacks to Hades."

* * * *

A man was buying a dog, and the shop assistant was very anxious to sell him a dachshund. But the prospective dog-owner was evidently not very keen on this type of animal.

"What is it about a dachshund that you don't care for?" asked the assistant.

"They make such a draught when they come into a room. They always keep the door open so long."

* * * *

THE umpire at the village cricket match didn't know much about cricket, but he was not standing any nonsense. The first ball hit the batsman's pads.

"Out!" roared the umpire, walking up to him.

"Out?—what for?" asked the batsman peevishly.

"All the afternoon," replied the umpire firmly.

* * * *

Remember, my boy," said the elderly relative sententiously, "that wealth does not bring happiness."

"I don't expect it to," answered the young man. "I merely want it so that I may be able to choose the kind of misery that is most agreeable to me."

* * * *

The village idiot saw a parrot on the roof of a cottage. He fetched a ladder and climbed up to capture it. The parrot looked at him when he reached the top and said sharply:

"What do you want?"

The village simpleton touched his cap. "Beg pardon, sir, I thought you was a bird."

* * * *

A young man had written repeatedly to his father for more money, but with no success.

At length he wrote, "I cannot understand why you call yourself a kind father, when you haven't sent me a cheque all this time. What kind of kindness do you call that?"

The next day he received a telegram. "That's unremitting kindness," it read.



AN AMATEUR TURNED PROFESSIONAL:
THE HON. URSLA BALFOUR

The Hon. Ursula Balfour has very often appeared as an amateur comedienne at charity shows and has been frequently heard "on the air." Harry Gordon, the Scottish comedian, recently heard her perform at a charity show and has booked her for his summer show at Aberdeen.

She is Lord Kinross' youngest daughter

Balmain

DECORATED! SANDRINGHAM STUMBLE

Sandringham Stumble is one of the famous line of Clumber spaniels bred by the late King. Now owned by Messrs. Cape and Cochran, the Surrey fanciers, he shared, with all the rest of us, in the decorations for the Coronation celebrations

He was definitely not a Scotsman, and had just come to reside in England. He received an official form to fill in, and after much brain-racking and trouble he managed it, and returned it with the following remarks: "Name: Jacob Levy. Born: Yes. Business: Very bad."

* * * *

"I say, old man," said the passenger, "is the horn on your car broken?"

"I guess it's just indifferent," replied the driver.

"What does that mean?"

"It just doesn't give a hoot."

* * * *

A little girl who liked "helping" her mother in the kitchen was left to watch some milk on the stove. After a few moments she called out, "Mummy, come here quick. The milk's getting bigger than the saucepan."

* * * *

A sailor was writing home to his parents. He turned to his mate and asked: "How do you spell 'financially embarrassed'?" His mate replied immediately: "B-r-o-k-e."

The sailor went on writing for a time, very laboriously, and then asked for help again.

"How do you spell 'manoeuvres'?" he asked.

The other snorted.

"You don't," he returned. "You just saves that bit o' news until you gets home to tell 'em all about it."

Brides...

"The greatest day of her life" . . . Never again will her beauty be the cynosure of *all* eyes—the focus of every admiring glance. That long strip of red drugget which runs from the threshold of the church to the waiting car—can she tread it without a moment of trepidation?

She can, and the fragile and exquisite loveliness so much admired to-day is a lasting possession; for she pays regular visits to the Elizabeth Arden Salon and continues the good work at home—cleansing her skin, night and morning toning it—soothing it, to ward off ugly lines . . . The final touch of glamour is provided by Elizabeth Arden's much talked of two-powder technique—a lighter toned Ardena powder first, then a darker shade of Japonica powder which, as it contains a special "setting" ingredient, keeps one's complexion smooth and fresh for hours on end.

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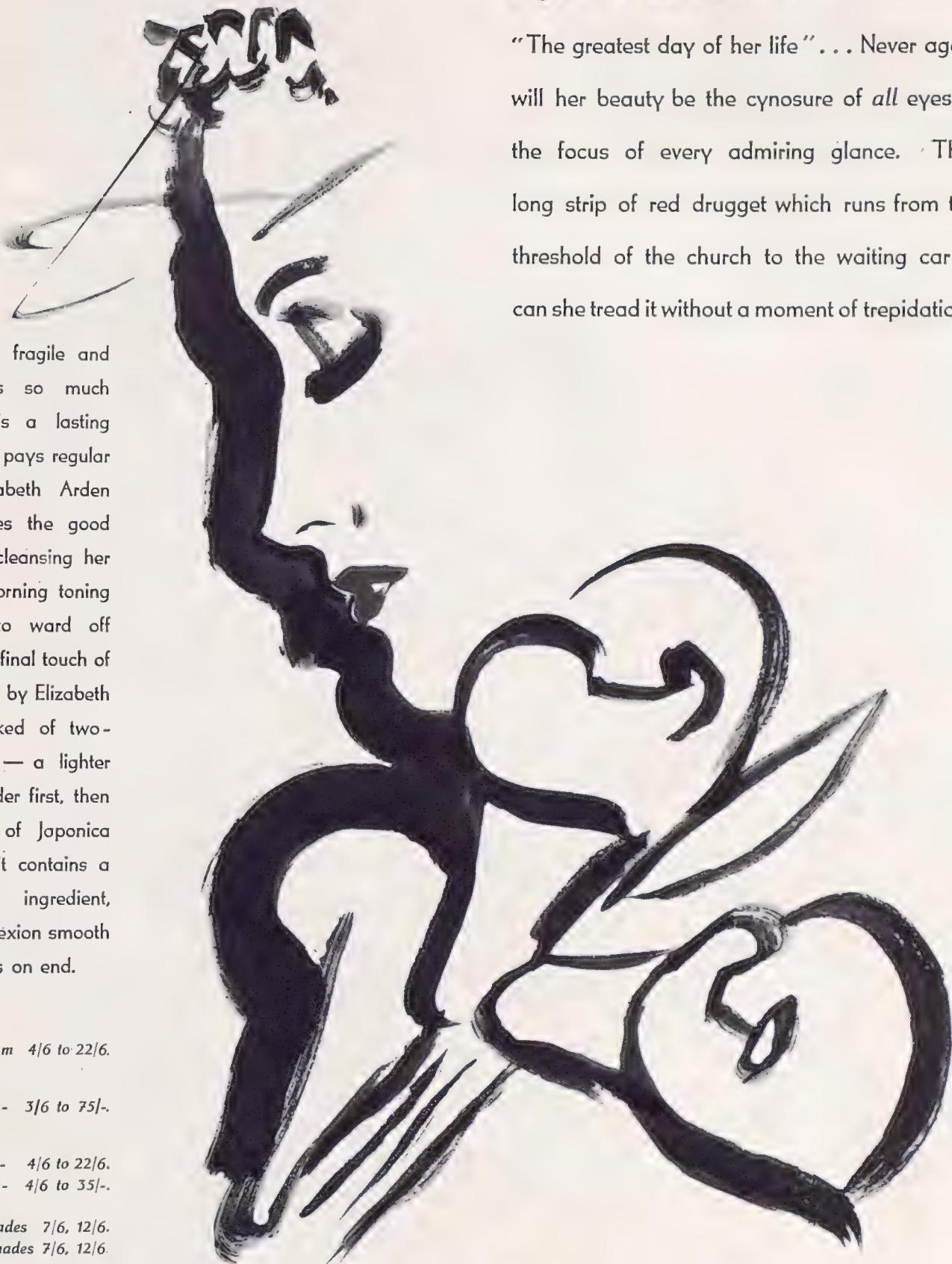
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LAWN TENNIS :

By
"RABBIT"

Think of it! Six inches between you and the Championship! Well, I suppose the margin between life and death has been a narrower one on occasion.

Another description in the book which interested me very much was the chapter that recounts the one and only competitive meeting between Suzanne and Helen Wills, in 1926, in the final of the Carlton Tournament at Cannes. The scenes that led up to that match were unprecedented in the history of the game. The Californian girl was making her first appearance in Europe. Her advance ballyhoo was terrific, so terrific that her countrymen and women were backing her for thousands of dollars, as you might back a horse for the Derby; while Suzanne Lenglen's supporters—and especially her own family—were terrifying the tennis life out of her by their salvoes of suggestions as to how she should break up the rhythmic driving game of her new rival. If only they had left her alone, her own native genius would have provided the solution. As it was, there was so much chatter in the Press, so many reporters seeking interviews, so much advice being bandied about, that I remember Suzanne telling me herself how, for the last two days before the match, she used to take refuge

in the anonymous darkness of a cinema, to escape from her friends as much as from those who, like jackals, were already licking their lips at the prospect of a fallen idol. Actually, they were disappointed, because Suzanne managed to win in straight sets; but the second one was a near thing, and the French champion had to resort to sips of brandy on several occasions to soothe her nerves, which had their worst shock of all when, after, as she thought, the match was over, and the photographers were rushing the court and the flowers were being brought on, as at a first night of the ballet, suddenly the linesman advanced from the baseline and protested to the umpire that he had never given the last ball as "out." On the contrary, it was perfectly good, and the cry of "out" had come from some too-partisan spectator in the crowd. The linesman on that occasion was Lord Charles Hope, and I shall always consider that he was a very brave man. Most of us, I feel, would have been inclined to let the moment pass, and the match with it. But he didn't, and it is a pity that his example in conscientious and accurate lining, is not followed more rigorously by our present-day tournament linesmen, who have been excelling themselves recently, especially at Bournemouth, by the consistent inaccuracy of their decisions.

But to return to the Lenglen—Wills match at Cannes. When she was forced to return to her base and continue the match, Suzanne proceeded to lose that game, and came within a point of losing the next. So that from being 6—5 up and advantage in, she was only six-all and advantage out, with the menacing prospect of a third set in the offing. No wonder she panted more every point! Here, however, she was helped by errors from Helen Wills's racquet, which had not yet established its subsequent ruthless precision, swinging to and fro like an automatic pendulum, and so the Frenchwoman just managed to scrape home at 8—6.

(Continued on page xvi)



THE U.S. CHAMPION :
MISS ALICE MARBLE
(ALSO ABOVE)

Miss Marble, the American lady champion, is one of the outstanding entrants for Wimbledon this year. She is seen as the prey of autograph-hunters at Surbiton when playing an exhibition match with Miss Lunn against Miss Nuthall and Miss James

I HAVE just finished reading one of the best descriptive books about the game of lawn tennis that has ever found its way on to my bedside table. It is called "Great Lawn Tennis," its author is A. Wallis Myers, and it is published by Cassell's, with excellent pictures of those famous stars of the past and present whose most memorable matches have been splendidly recaptured on paper by one of the few writers to do justice to the game that provides their livelihood. The standard of tennis reporting in this country is illiterate to a degree, but Wallis Myers writes as well about tennis as Bernard Darwin does about golf. What more can I say, except to urge you, if, like myself, you have sentimental memories about past Wimbledons, to get hold of this book right away, to see if your own recollections as to the course of such historic encounters as the match in which Suzanne, making her first appearance at the Old Wimbledon in 1919, wrested the crown from our reigning champion, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, and again, the match in which Cochet defeated Tilden after being two sets down, and 5—2 down into the bargain, coincide with the author's own impressions. In all the accounts, in which I am able to check up from personal observation, I find myself in complete accord with the author, and though I wasn't old enough to be present at the Chambers-Lenglen struggle, I have since heard an account of it from the lips of the loser, who had actually two match points in the final set. The score was then 6—5 and 40—15 in her favour. In the next rally, in a do-or-die spirit, the young French girl came to the net, volleyed once, but did not put the ball out of the reach of her opponent, who went out for a passing shot. "And I thought the ball was past her and I had won the match," Mrs. Chambers told me, "but at the last second, somehow she managed to get the very tip of her racquet to the ball, which rebounded off the wood edge and fell dead as a stone on my side of the net. On the next point we had another long rally, and again Suzanne came to the net. This time I lobbed, and my lob defeated her completely. She turned round to watch it drop. It fell six inches outside the back line. . . ."



THE CHILEAN CHAMPION, SEÑORITA LIZANA,
AND SOME COMPATRIOTS

Stuart

The photograph was taken at Hurlingham on the occasion when Señorita Lizana won the Hurlingham Singles for the third time and outright, completing her triumph by winning the Women's Doubles with Miss Ermyntrude Harvey

In the picture are Mme. Renard, Señor Felipe de Castro, Señorita Anita Lizana, Señor Luis Renard, Chilean Counsellor of Embassy in London, Señor Eduardo Hillman, and Señor Harold Wessel, Chilean Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Copenhagen



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POLO NOTES

By
"SERREFILE"

OWING to a Coronation Number of this paper intervening, and the fact that these notes have to be delivered to an inexorable printer three days before the promised interesting happenings which were to have taken place at Hurlingham on Whit Monday (May 17), it may not be possible to do any more than refer to the results of the two important trial gallops otherwise than in a postscript. Anyway, the results of the Australia *v.* British Army and the Bhopal *v.* Hurlingham matches need not, in any case, be taken very seriously, and both are in the nature of pipe-openers. I expect both the challengers to win, if these matches can be played—rain having already stopped them twice—because the Army and Hurlingham teams can only be scratch sides, which have had no chance at all of being teams, whereas the other sides are not strangers, particularly the thrusting gentlemen from Goulburn, who have played together for so long that each chap knows pretty nearly the exact blade of grass upon which the other is going to put the ball. That, of course, is the sovereign recipe for success, and it was this that made "Dev." Milburn's Big Four so big. Harry Payne Whitney, the two Waterburys and "Dev." himself was how that smashing side was made up—turn up 1912-13 and also 1914, in which year "Rattle" Barrett and his braves beat them—"Mouse" Tomkinson, Leslie Cheape, himself, and Vivian Lockett. This is an instance in which custom does not always stale, and I firmly believe—as has already been advertured in these notes—that whatever beats Goulburn comes out top of the heap. I am writing this before having even seen the Australians and their ponies in action.

* * *

In 1930 I thought the Goulburn ponies, on a general run, were just a bit too small: beautiful class, well-schooled, fitting excellent, but not quite big enough as things went in first-class tournament polo at that time. Perhaps one may not be justified in saying this, as the Australians had a marvellous sale in America and thoroughly deserved it, but I believe they would have been

of the thirty ponies they have this year, twenty-one are 15 hands and over. The biggest one is not an Australian at all, a six-year-old chestnut, Waldorf, 15.3, played by Mr. Cecil Smith, the Californian crack, last year. This pony is one of three bought by Goulburn last year from Mr. Cecil Smith and Mr. C. B. Wrightson. The others are



POLO PRACTICE AT OXFORD

The inter-Varsity match this year is on July 10, and, as usual, at Hurlingham. In the picture are Mr. Arthur Budgett, the Oxford skipper, who was in last year's winning team; the Hon. A. G. Samuel, Lord Bearsted's youngest son; and Mr. D. Summers.

Onward, 15.2½, and Fighting Bob, 15.2. There are five more 15.2 amongst the Australian-bred ones, most of them just about as clean-bred as you can find them, some of them winners on the flat in Australia. The smallest ponies in the Australian lot are 14.3, and there are only about a brace of them, the rest ranging from 14.3½ to 15.2, and the majority are seasoned performers. We know what the men who are riding them are like, and that no one can teach them much about drill.

* * *

Before the Australians arrived in our midst at all, I think many people imagined that we were going to see a lot of wild men riding runaway horses in snaffle bridles and unable to turn



ALSO AT OXFORD

Mr. Peter Kemp-Gee, who was No. 2 in Oxford's 1936 winning team; Miss Jeanne de Montagnac, who is also up at Oxford; and Mr. A. E. Goldschmidt

as invincible then as I am quite convinced they are going to be this season, if they had had bigger ponies. The four Ashtons are long men—the kind that can play a big pony: none of them believes that polo can be played riding as short as Gordon Richards, and out

them inside a ten-acre field. We know very differently now, and we did not take long to find out in 1930. These bigger ponies, I think, will make this team a very hard nut to crack: it was hard enough in 1930—now I think we shall find it harder still. In this fast game of to-day, the big man on the big pony is very bad to beat; the short-legged man on the big pony very much the reverse and only a player by good luck. It stands to reason that the short-legged man, riding short, as some of them do, must make the pivot all wrong. Someone known affectionately as "Buck," ex-International, ex-Old Cantab, and still, with Colonel R. G. Ritson, one of the best polo preceptors in the world, has said a good many sage things about this. The Australians do not play that kind of trick; the saddle is the place in which they were bred, and I think they have forgotten more about fitting the man to the pony and the pony to the man than many people know. I am enthusiastic, because a well-drilled and well-balanced team is a fit subject. A one-man team never has been any more good than a four-man team. If, however, you get a team in which four make one, it is the time to mind your eye.

(Continued on page xxiv)



A LE TOUQUET HOLIDAY PICTURE

Mrs. Brackenbury, whose Gunner husband is a grandson of the famous General Brackenbury, and Mr. G. J. Kidston, who was the No. 1 of the 12th Lancer team, which won last year's Inter-Regimental from the Royal Navy after a tussle in which the Navy were winning all the way till Lt.-Commander Heywood-Lonsdale had his leg broken



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THE R.A.F. VOLUNTEER RESERVE
AT DESFORD

Training for the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve is now in full swing at the Reid and Sigrist College, Desford, and in the above picture are some of the people intimately concerned in carrying on the good work. The names of those standing are Squadron Leader Ira Jones, Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P. (Melton Division), and Squadron Leader G. H. Reid, D.F.C., and Mr. George Lowdell, A.F.C., Chief Instructor. Squadron Leader Jones, manager of the College, is one of our most distinguished fighting pilots, and during the war he brought down many German aeroplanes, winning the D.S.O. amongst other decorations. The names of the two people in the 'plane were not communicated

Merrilly.

DICK MERRILL'S name will be set up by the Recording Angel in thirty-six-point type and placed beside the names of Alcock and Brown on the celestial register. Alcock and Brown were the first and greatest of the Atlantic flyers, but Dick Merrill is the first of the schedule-and-shuttle Atlantic flyers; the first to make two-way, time-table flights. Both achievements call for the highest courage and the greatest skill. When I shook Dick Merrill by the hand as he stepped from his Lockheed at Croydon, I saw in his face the evidence of intense nervous strain. And there were the same unmistakable marks in the face of Jack Lambie, his co-pilot. Obviously they had been severely tried.

There had been that battle, which must occur in all pioneer flights, between the soft and shrinking human spirit and the hard and angry forces of nature. How, in those hours of lonely darkness over the ocean, when rain, fog and cloud took the world away from them and narrowed down their very existence to a little room a few feet square, they managed to hold fast to their faculties so that they could navigate accurately and fly truly is a mystery; but much greater is the mystery of how, having come safely through that ordeal and felt the hard ground under their feet again, they were ready two days later to set off again on the more difficult return journey.

It was a unique example of the unconquerable determination of the real aerial champion. Merrill and Lambie deserve the congratulations of everybody. It was Merrill's fourth crossing of the Atlantic, and it was a journey planned and performed to schedule. He brought over the pictures of the "Hindenburg" crash (incidentally, a disappointing series), and he took back pictures of the Coronation. The only delay occurred when the pictures did not arrive at Southport in time. Before the Coronation we heard a lot about other pilots who were going to carry Coronation pictures back to

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

New York by air, but we saw nothing of them. Merrill and Lambie were the only ones. It is said that they earned £20,000 each by the two flights. They have won more than that, however—a place in aeronautical history.

Reception.

At Croydon the arrangements were perhaps better than for the reception of the Japanese airmen. Nobody, it was announced, would be admitted to the aerodrome without an Air Ministry pass. I got a pass for myself, and found myself in a crowd in which quite two per cent. also had passes. And I suppose it was typical of the way the Englishman always contrives to make his duty an excuse for being officious and inhuman that, immediately after I had congratulated Merrill, the first words spoken to him by an English official consisted, not of a friendly welcome, but of a demand to see his log-book and to know what was in the machine for Customs purposes. Is it really impossible for the Customs authorities to allow a little human latitude in the performance of their duties? Must they badger a man for log-books when he has just flown 3900 miles? Would it really matter if the letter of the law were occasionally overlooked in order to show a little friendliness to people who come from other countries?

Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Eden, and others in the Government talk a lot about friendliness between the nations. But let a foreigner take them at their word and set foot in this island, and our English officials will soon show him that he is a damned alien, by heaven, and probably an undesirable one at that. Customs formalities could easily be waived when a



BY AIR TO
NEWMARKET

Many visitors to racing H.Q. now arrive on the course by air, among them the Hon. Peter Beatty, Lord Beatty's only brother, and Viscount Forbes, elder son of Lord and Lady Granard, who are seen there with Captain Ledlie



HARLEY STREET AT HESTON AIRPORT

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Douthwaite with (left) Captain Brian Davy, Chief Instructor at Heston, and (right) Captain Baker photographed during a week-end rendez-vous at this busy airport. Captain Baker is the well-known pilot who taught H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor to fly

man does the sort of flight Merrill and Lambie did, and no one would be the worse. One other thing. At Croydon, while I was waiting for Merrill and Lambie, some foreign

(Continued on page ii)



"But you really must have your Tuborg, sir"



TUBORG - It's REAL LAGER

THE SAFE SAFE

By
CLIVE
WOLLASTON



Silently, Meyer Cohen grasped his gun, sidled from behind the bookcase and flooded the room with light. "Put up your hands and don't move," he said

INSPECTOR AUDEN read rapidly through the type-written note Meyer Cohen had handed him.

"It has come to my knowledge that you have purchased the Brandstater matched pearls—well knowing that these were stolen from the Brandstater collection three years ago, and that he who buys stolen property is as much a thief as he who steals it.

"I have long desired these pearls for my own collection and propose to call for them at 12 midnight on May 29th.

"Having read in the newspapers so many accounts of your unbreakable safe, I look forward to this assignment with the keenest anticipation.

THE SHADOW."

"And to-day," said Inspector Auden thoughtfully, "is May 29th. Any truth, sir, in this suggestion that you have the famous Brandstater pearls?"

Meyer Cohen's piggy eyes glanced uneasily round his elaborately furnished library.

"Certainly not," he replied, waving his pudgy hands excitedly and scattering cigar ash down his waistcoat. "Is it likely that I would go around buying stolen pearls—a collector myself?"

"Extremely likely," the Inspector thought, with a cynical smile.

"But the Shadow," Cohen asked. "Who is he? What is he?"

"I wish I knew, Mr. Cohen. Every now and then an extremely daring burglary takes place. Invariably it is successful, and even when—as in your case—the cheeky devil gives us warning in advance, he always manages to slip through our traps. But this time I think we've got him."

Meyer Cohen smiled—the smile of a man who is trying to convince himself that things are not as bad as they seem.

"If he comes at all."

"I rather think he will," Inspector Auden replied grimly. "But I shall have the house filled with men. . . ."

"No," Cohen broke in. "This house is being watched, you betcher. You fill it with men and frighten him away. I want him to come. I want to catch him myself and ask him how he knows so much about the—what's in my safe."

Inspector Auden eyed the little man shrewdly.

"Perhaps there's something in what you say, sir. But is it safe?"

"Safe! Of course it is. My safe is safe, and I defy this Shadow or anyone else to open it. I invented it myself, so I should know. Look, I'll show you."

The little man grabbed the policeman by the arm and led him outside the library into a long, well-carpeted passage which led into the main hall.

"First," said Meyer Cohen, "all outside doors and windows have good burglar alarms. The walls of that library are concrete and steel rods, and as there are no windows the only way in is down the passage. In this passage are two invisible ray alarms; the door and frame is metal and locked with a combination lock."

Inspector Auden raised his eyebrows and scratched his grizzled hair. "Difficult, certainly—but he has passed

(Continued on page 412)

Asprey

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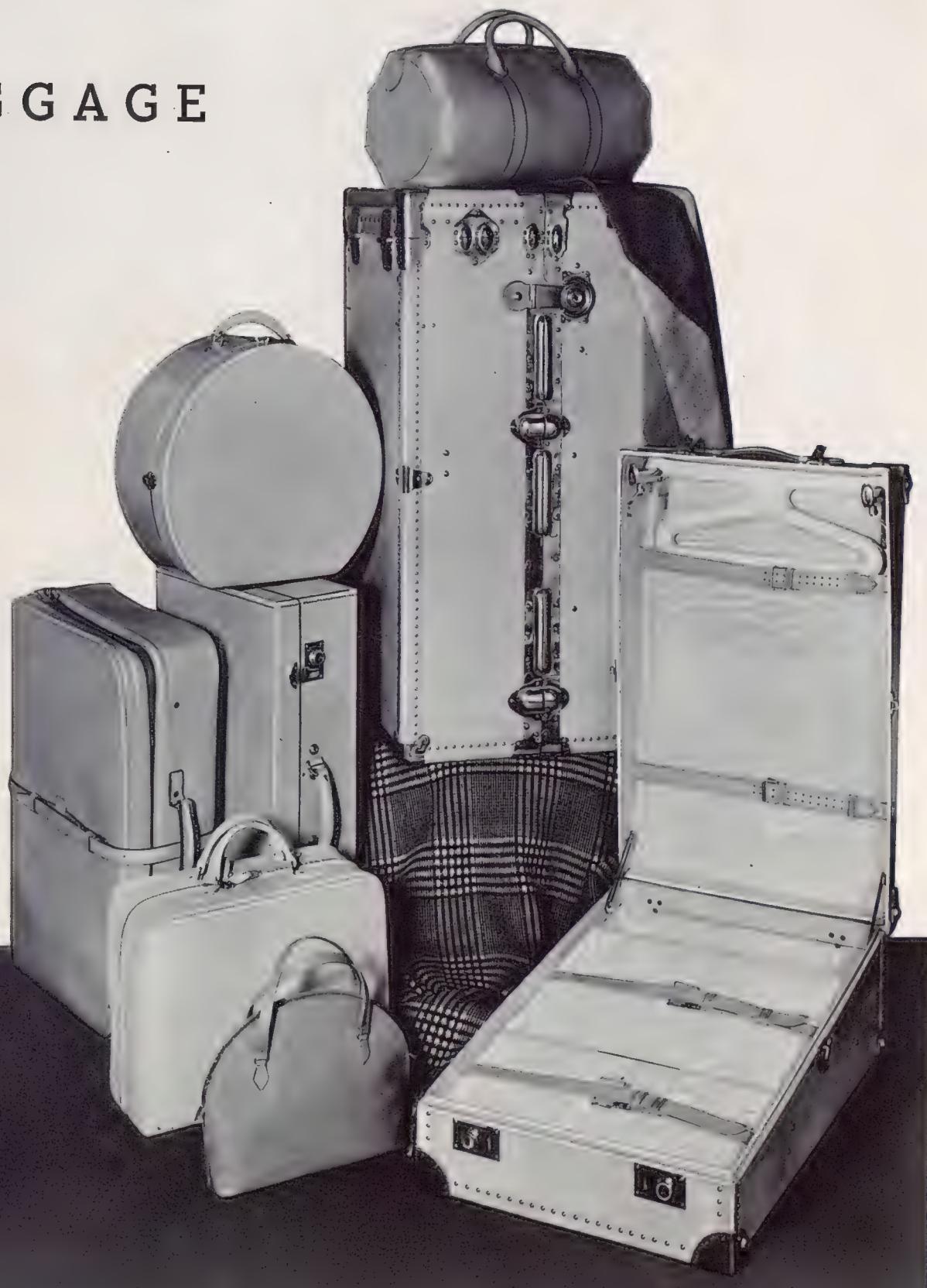
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THE SAFE SAFE—(Continued from page 410)

worse than that before to-day. Don't forget he is an expert safe-buster."

"Very well," cried Cohen excitedly, leading the Inspector back into the library, "he gets into this room. You don't imagine I keep a hundred-thousand-pound collection of jewels with no more protection than that?"

The little man strode excitedly down the room towards the big safe in the corner. "To get here he must pass two more invisible rays. The safe is set in solid concrete, but the floor in front of it is of metal and takes a charge of two thousand volts."

Again the Inspector scratched his head. The exploits of The Shadow had become almost legendary, but it seemed impossible that any man could reach this safe.

"But wait," Cohen continued. "Suppose he is a shadow—his passing does not operate the alarms, two thousand volts don't electrocute him. Very well—but he must breathe. Immediately he touches the safe more alarms ring and the room is flooded with tear gas."

The Jew turned round from the safe, hands wide flung, and an oily leer on his face.

"After that he has only to find the combination and the safe is his. So you see why I'm confident that no cracksman will ever open my safe. Nevertheless, if this man is what you say he is he may be mad enough to try."

"Therefore," said the Inspector, "I'll surround the house."

"Nothing of the kind. We want to catch this man—not scare him away. As long as he is at large, no one's property is safe. I will catch him



BEATRICE LILLIE (LADY PEEL) THROWS A PARTY IN NEW YORK

With the hostess is Mr. Simon Elwes, the well-known portrait painter son of the late Mr. Gervase Elwes and Lady Winifred Elwes, who is a sister of Lord Denbigh. Beatrice Lillie's only son, Sir Robert Peel, is a schoolboy at Harrow. The late Sir Robert Peel died in 1934

myself. You will be waiting at the police station and as soon as I ring through you will come up and arrest him."

Inspector Auden looked doubtful.

"It's all very irregular, Mr. Cohen, but I see your point. If we can catch him red-handed it will be a big feather in my—our cap. But can you hold him, sir—he's a dangerous criminal?"

"Leave it to me," said Meyer Cohen confidently. "I've got it all worked out and at twelve o'clock to-night I'll have him here, waiting for you to put the bracelets on."

Meyer Cohen was a practical man and he spent the rest of the day making certain alterations in his alarm system.

At ten o'clock he retired for the night, making a great display of light both in his bed-room and his bath-room. But at ten-thirty he crept downstairs and was locked into the library by the butler, who then shut up the house in the ordinary way and went to bed.

In a corner of the library, beside the door, Cohen had made himself a hiding-place behind a book-case. All his alarms were switched on, but he had replaced the bells with warning lights hung loosely on the back of the book-case; where also he had fixed a switch which would flood the whole room with light. The telephone stood on the floor beside him and in his pocket was a heavy automatic:



PICNICKING NEAR WASHINGTON, D.C.: MRS. VICTOR MALLETT

Mrs. Victor Mallet's husband, a son of the late Sir Bernard Mallet, is Counsellor at the British Embassy in Washington. She is the former Miss Peggy Andreae; her father is the owner of *Endeavour I*, and, in very sporting fashion, has sent his vessel across the Atlantic to act as "trial-horse" for *Endeavour II*, in her America's Cup attempt

Not the tiniest gleam of light, not the faintest little sound filtered through from the outside world. Cohen wished he could smoke, but he knew that he dare not take that risk of arousing the burglar's suspicions and he settled down grimly to a long, nerve-racking wait.

But to his surprise it was only 10.45 when one of the lights beside him winked for a fraction of a second—someone had cut the wires on the outside alarms. Cohen chuckled with savage pleasure, for he had really doubted if any burglar would be mad enough to try conclusions with his vaunted safe. Five minutes later the lights winked again—The Shadow had passed down the corridor leading to the library. Rigid in his corner, Cohen listened intently and in a few minutes the combination lock began clicking.

He could picture the man pressed against the door. The tiny pencil of light from his torch. Gloved fingers spinning the dial while trained ears listened to the clicking of the tumblers. It took The Shadow exactly five minutes to discover the code and, as he pulled his automatic from his pocket, Meyer Cohen felt himself going cold with—No, it wasn't fear, only surprise. This man undoubtedly was a king among cracksman.

The door opened an inch and a thin beam of light stabbed all round it as the burglar searched for alarm wires. It opened another twelve inches and something slid soundlessly into the room. Clad in black from hat to rubber-soled shoes the man wore black gloves and a black mask. He was tall and very thin and he did indeed move with the silence of a shadow.

For a moment he stood listening and cautiously surveying the room in the ever-moving light of his torch. Feeling every inch of the way for possible alarms, he began to move towards the safe.

Silently, Meyer Cohen grasped his gun, sidled from behind the book-case and threw the switch which flooded the room with light.

"Put up your hands and don't move." To his own surprise Cohen found that his coolness had deserted him; he was trembling, and his voice had risen to a squeak. He caught the telephone up and placed it on the table before him.

(Continued on page xx)

Haig in every Home



Don't be Vague
ask for

Haig

NO FINEST WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBtainable also in small sizes



THE PERAMBULATORS (CAMBRIDGE)
CRICKET SIDE

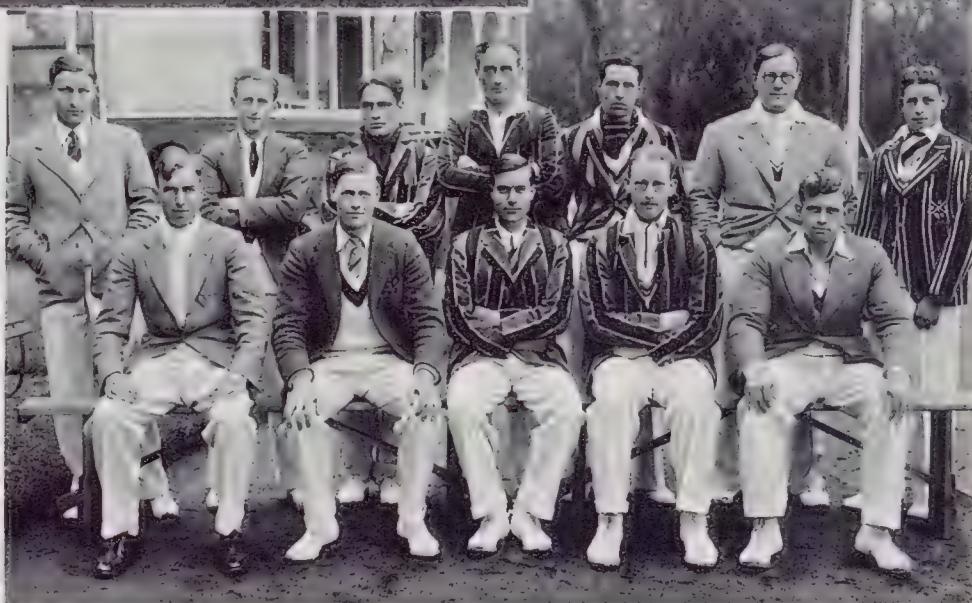
The Perambulators v. Etceteras match at Cambridge last week was in the nature of a final trial, with no idea of forcing the issue. The wicket was none too good and runs came slowly. The Perambulators had a bit the best of the deal

The names in the above group are: (back) J. A. T. Sharp, R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, K. D. Downes, R. S. Rennie, F. G. Mann, M. A. C. P. Kaye, F. C. Self; (seated) W. R. Rees-Davies, M. St. J. Packe, B. R. Dareski (captain), B. C. Khanna and J. D. A. Langley

Crowd Work.

DRIVING the other man's car is always a trying business, but it became unavoidable during the Coronation crush. Time after time it was necessary to provide for incompetents who came racing up behind when one was stopping for the lights, or who swirled and swerved about without apparently realising that the back of a motor-car when it is cornering does not follow exactly the same curve as the front. Every day I was motoring in the thick of it, and I only saved my cellulose by driving the other man's car almost as much as my own. Then there was the additional trouble, which occurred frequently during the period of celebration, when some exuberant youth would seek to excite the admiration of other youths by rushing out into the road in front of one's car with extended arms. This usually happened close to a public-house, and although it seemed to be regarded as first-class entertainment by the friends, it was often an irritating business for the car-driver.

In general, my experiences of driving in London during this period led me to conclude that there is little understanding of—or at any rate little observance of—the unwritten rules of traffic driving. There was an enormous amount of "seeping" along close to the kerb, followed by thrusting out into the near stream without waiting for an opening. Jumping lines of vehicles held up and thrusting in near the head was another prevalent fault. Perhaps the most dangerous fault, however, was that of relying upon mechanical and hand signals too implicitly. Twice I saw people who had been driving along on the extreme left of the road extend a hand or a semaphore, and then immediately, regardless of other traffic, swing across to go down a side turning to the right. Now, hand and mechanical signals are not supposed to absolve the driver from taking precautions and looking to see if anything is coming, or from causing his car to take the correct and "significant" line prior to turning. Altogether,



Photos.: Crisp

THE ETCETERAS (CAMBRIDGE) XI.
The team which was selected to take on The Perambulators (above, left). R. G. Hunt showed the most promise for his side and collected 55, not out, in their first knock

The names in the picture are: (l. to r.; back) N. F. Borrett, D. C. Wilson, M. H. Anderson, G. M. Niall, S. C. Silkin, B. D. Carris, J. P. Blake; (seated) J. V. Wild, P. M. Studd, R. G. Hunt (captain), W. M. E. White and G. E. Hewan

which chiefly impressed itself upon me when I tried this car last week was not the top speed, but what one might call the "speed versatility" between two miles an hour and seventy. To this Vauxhall all speeds are alike; the suspension manages to maintain the comfortable riding qualities without impairing the road-holding, while the engine seems to be equally happy throughout the revolutions range. Furthermore, the acceleration is remarkably good up to 65 m.p.h.—so good, indeed, that it compares well with cars in which acceleration is made the be-all and end-all of existence. To make a direct comparison by name would be odious and also unfair to both makes; but I can say that to reach 50 m.p.h. from a standstill in the "25" Vauxhall took me only half a second longer than in a vehicle with a highly tuned engine with more than a litre of extra capacity. I admit that the other car continued its up-sweep in speed past 70 m.p.h. at a higher rate than the Vauxhall, but under modern road conditions it is the 0 to 50 range that counts. And in this range the Vauxhall is remarkable.

The gear-box is easy to use and quick, but second gear is rather noisy. Clutch and all controls are light and accurate, and the steering-wheel is adjustable for height by a finger-tip crook catch. I liked the starting arrangements in the Vauxhall. They consist simply of a small knob on

(Continued on page 416)

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

the crush period showed that many drivers who are competent enough in handling their cars are ignorant of traffic usage.

The "25" Vauxhall.

One of the outstanding exhibits of the 1936 Motor Show was the "25" Vauxhall with its independent front-wheel mounting. The claim was made for this car that it was the fastest the company had produced since the "30/98" of famous memory, and I imagine that claim is correct, for I secured a reading of 78 m.p.h. before the car had really got into its stride. But the thing

remember
that visit
to your old headmistress
and how
you felt
like a "little girl"
once again? . . .



remember
how
that feeling
went
immediately
you lit
your first cigarettes? . . .



remember
how
you then
realised
what
a blessing
a cigarette
is
on such occasions?

Petrol Vapour

(Continued from p. 414)

the left of the instrument panel which one pulls out when starting from cold, and the clutch pedal. When the engine is switched on, a full depression of the clutch pedal brings in the starter. It will be seen that this arrangement constitutes an additional safety measure, for the car will not move forward when the starter motor connects up if it has inadvertently been left in gear. The starter is automatically switched off directly the engine fires by the depression in the induction manifold. An added value of this clutch pedal starter device is that it avoids loss of time in restarting if the engine is stalled in traffic or on a hill.

* * *

Suspension

Those who studied the 25 Vauxhall at the Motor Show will recall that the front wheel mounting is independent, with combined torsion bar and torsion tube springing, controlled by a coil spring. The operating parts work in an oil bath. The behaviour of this suspension on the road is eminently satisfactory. If the car is allowed to trundle along very slowly and the brake pedal is jabbed viciously two or three times, the body can be made to move up and down in a manner which suggests very soft springing. Yet one can slam on the brakes at 70 m.p.h. and the car will take them without squirming in the slightest degree. You have, therefore, in this Vauxhall the smooth riding which goes



AT COWES BEFORE THE REVIEW: COMMANDER SIR ARCHIBALD AND LADY SOUTHBY WITH MRS. PEAY

Sir Archibald Southby is the Member for Epsom and a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury. His baronetcy was in the Coronation Honours List. In the course of his naval career he served as Flag-Lieutenant and Flag-Commander to Admiral Sir Montague Browning during the war and was a member of the Naval Inter-Allied Commission of Control in 1919-20. He owns "Morena," a 36-ton cutter.

with easy flexing springs and at the same time the good road holding which goes with a stiffer suspension.

A few words must be added about the specification. The engine is a six with overhead valves, push-rod operated, and a compression ratio of 6.1 to 1. The capacity is 3,215 c.c. and the annual tax £18 15s. Ignition is by coil with fully automatic advance and retard, having both governor and vacuum control. There is also a micrometer adjustment for suiting the grade of fuel. The clutch is a single-dry-plate. One other point. My advice to those who are buying a car nowadays, when congested parking places and garages are the rule, is to sit in the driving seat and then to find out if they can get their head out of the window far enough to see where they are going when reversing. It is a small point, but an important one, and strange to relate there are quite a number of cars in which it is impossible to get the head out of the window. In the Vauxhall, the opening behind the swivelling ventilation quarter light is amply large enough and one can reverse in comfort and security. And now for the big surprise. This really big, big car, with its ample performance and its generous comfort, costs only £298 in saloon form. I think that is an example of good value for money.

Before leaving the Vauxhall I want to mention Mr. Harold Jelley's book dealing with the 12 h.p. and the 14 h.p. models. This treats the models from 1934 to 1936 and is a mine of useful information. General care and regular maintenance receive detailed attention.

★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Packard "Six" brings to the lower-priced field the dignity of style and responsiveness of performance that have made the name of Packard synonymous with motoring at its very finest. And the heritage of precision-engineering has ensured in this fine car a far greater running-economy than you expect from a "Six" so luxuriously spacious.

Packard "Six" Saloon... £435

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P A C K A R D

This England . . .



The Thames—Streatley Bridge.

THE River Thames means many different things to many different men. There is the alder-shaded country stream at Lechlade, the lovely reaches where it becomes the Isis of youthful hopes and happy memories ; Streatley bridge where the plunge begins between the wooded shoulders of the Berkshire Downs. Henley (after Ascot), historic Windsor, Wolsey's Hampton and Elizabeth's "sweet Shene" . . . on, on to the lighters and language of the Port of London. Different things to different men, but to all men one — good bodily exercise in the open air. And one thing more for every waterman's delight ; at almost any inn from the Cotswolds to Canvey you may tie up for a Worthington — the just reward of jolly labour.



Air Eddies—continued from p. 408

guests arrived by air for the Coronation. Some of them were black-skinned and wore the costumes of their countries. One would imagine that Croydon would be international enough to deal politely with such visitors. But these men—who looked much finer in their robes than the pallid natives who crowded round them—were received with boorish laughter. It was an instance of yahooism of a revolting kind.

Hafner and D.C.3.

As usual, the Royal Aeronautical Society garden party, at Mr. C. R. Fairey's aerodrome on the Great West Road, provided much that was of interest. The Hafner gyroplane seemed to attract most attention, but I was more impressed by the new Douglas D.C.3 which K.L.M. brought over from Croydon. The day was bad, with rain and low clouds. Visibility was so poor that a great many aeroplanes which were to have come were held up, some of them at aerodromes so near as Heston and Hanworth. But the K.L.M. pilots brought in their big Douglas to time and took it away again to time.

As for the Hafner, it looked about the most manoeuvrable thing ever invented. It is an autogiro—the stories that the engine drives the rotor in the air being incorrect—but instead of being controlled by tilting of the rotor axis it is controlled by changing the angle of incidence of the blades. It has a rudder of aeroplane type, a control with which the latest types of autogiro have dispensed. Flying Officer Clouston did some neat work with the Hafner



LADY OVEY AND M. VAN ZEELAND OPEN THE BRUSSELS CORONATION BALL

Coronation festivities were by no means confined to Empire countries. The Coronation Ball held in Brussels was opened by Lady Ovey, the wife of Sir Esmond Ovey, British Ambassador to Belgium, and M. van Zeeland, Belgium's supremely capable and popular Premier

and it seems a definite contribution to the knowledge of rotating wing flight.

Tipsy for Two.

What I look upon as the most important new aeroplane we have seen in this country for many years, however, was not shown at the garden party. It was shown at the same aerodrome a few days afterwards. It is the Tipsy two-seater. It may sound curious to call a tiny machine with a 50 h.p. engine, costing about £500, "important," but I have used that word deliberately. The Tipsy is a light aeroplane; it is not a freak machine but a scaled-down version of a modern fast monoplane, and to me it seems by far the most attractive thing that has been put on the market for a very long time.

If we are ever to see private aeroplane ownership becoming popular, this machine will make it so. It will not get you about the country at extremely high speed, but it is fast enough, with a maximum of 124 m.p.h. (one enthusiastic picture paper gave it 200 m.p.h.!), to compete with most ordinary head winds, and it will give you the true pleasure of flight. The seats are arranged side by side and there is dual control. The present engine is the Walter Mikron, but I understand that other kinds are to be tried. Like the single-seater, this machine is the work of Mr. Tipps, of the Fairey Company, and from him it derives its name. The single-seater has been selling fairly well, but this two-seater ought to catch the popular fancy. It not only provides room for that extra passenger, but it provides room for him in the right place, next to the pilot, and not stuck away somewhere out in front.



Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

YOUR teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhans brand dentifrice, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the double protection everyone needs. It does both vital jobs—cleans teeth and safeguards gums.

After brushing your teeth, massage

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

your gums, too, with Forhans, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhans costs no more than most ordinary dentifrices, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhans to-day, and end half-way care once and for all. On sale throughout the world.

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SAVES GUMS

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NEW
1/3
SIZE
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are the product of a firm whose success goes back for more than a century and whose machines are preferred all over the world.

EASY AND ECONOMICAL TO HANDLE

Green's make Mowers—both hand and mechanical—for use on the smallest lawns and golf courses—from the little 10 inch Green's "Utility" hand machine to the Septuple Gang Mower and the 36 inch Motor Mower—as well as rollers, etc., of many designs and types.

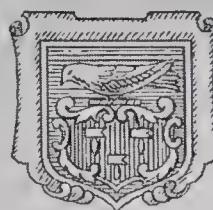
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for over two hundred years

Three Star - Cordon Bleu



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



CLIMATE is responsible for many things, and in England its vagaries are often quite unpredictable; when the thermometer should be in the neighbourhood of eighty it is discovered that it is nearer sixty. It is for this reason that the ultra smart tailleur portrayed is of very particular interest, especially as it may be seen in the model gown department of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It consists of a coat and dress; the latter has short sleeves, the front arranged in bolero form with a white satin waistcoat, tiny buttons of the page-boy character appearing above it. Although it is quite capable of resting on its own laurels, the scheme is completed with the smartest of smart coatees, enriched with white fur and ermine tails. It must not be overlooked that the fabricating medium is a new dull mousse. Furthermore, a fact that should not be forgotten is that this firm make a feature of fashions for cruising, including some new evening affairs expressed in pretty and practical crease-resisting fabrics

Picture by Blake

Prince's Plate

SPOONS & FORKS



There is an instinct of Beauty within us all, and Prince's Plate enables people of modest means to satisfy their cultural refinements in things of everyday use; at a price that most people can very well pay. May we send a Catalogue?

The Canteen illustrated contains 4 Table Spoons, 8 each Table Forks, Soup Spoons, Dessert Spoons and Forks, Tea Spoons, 2 Sauce Ladles, 8 each Table and Cheese Knives (Stainless); 1 pair Meat Carvers, 8 pairs Fish Knives and Forks, 1 Knife Sharpener. In solid Oak Case: Spoons and Forks in the 'Dudley' Pattern £16 10 0; DuBarry, Tudor or Athenian Patterns £17 15 0.

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STUDIES
in
SATIN
and
LACE



THERE is grace in every line of the lovely evening frock above, which may be seen at the Maison Ross, 19, Grafton Street; it is expressed in lacquered satin and chiffon, the colour scheme being marvellously beautiful. It is perfectly cut; hence it cannot fail to flatter every type of figure. There are dresses here which are specially designed for every social function. There is something different about them which makes a direct appeal to women who have a reputation to maintain for being really well dressed

WOMEN of dignified proportions really must visit the new Netta salons, 95, New Bond Street, as they make a feature of fashions for those who are not so slender as they could wish. Naturally the needs of the débutante are not overlooked. To this artist in dress must be given the credit of the model on the right of this page. It is of lace, being a study in black and grey; when the tailored coatee is removed a full evening dress is revealed—it is certainly a gilt-edged investment for six pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence

Pictures by Blake





"I'm looking for better 'lip service,' Jane Seymour"

"I'm dying to find a really perfect lipstick," said a woman who came to my Salon. "It's not the colours I'm grumbling at. I simply want one that won't make my lips so dry and lined."

"It's apt to happen, I know," I said, "that's why I make my lipstick on a special base which keeps the lips satin-smooth. It's far more indelible than most 'indelible' lipsticks!"

"It sounds just the thing," she said.

"As you're a creamy blonde," I said, "use either a No. 2 or 4, with Magnolia Petal Cream as a foundation, and Light Peach Dryskin Powder. But I'm afraid you won't be as pleased as you might be."

"Why not?" she said.

"Well, I can see at a glance you don't give your skin regular care—and no make-up can look its best

without that. What you need is cleansing with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic every night. Orange Skin Food. And a 'brace' with more Juniper in the morning. Then you *would* see an improvement."

She thanked me, and evidently my words didn't fall on stony ground, for some time after she called again.

"You've given more than a better 'lip-service,'" she said, smiling. "You've shown me the way to a lovely skin!"

Do get my book "Speaking Frankly" from any shop that sells my preparations. It's really worth reading. Or write to me for it: Jane Seymour Ltd., 21 & 22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712.

Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



For Tennis

GREAT interest is sure to centre round these tennis fashions, as they have been designed by the well-known tennis player, Dorothy Round, and may be seen at Jaeger House, 204, Regent Street. In the picture on the left may be seen this firm's new circular skirt, which is simple and practical; it is accompanied by a woollen sweater and a graceful fleece cape

IT is linen that makes the shorts dress, which is cut in one, on the left; note the neat turn-down collar. The coat is of fleece and can be obtained in a variety of colours. On the right is seen another linen dress; attention will naturally be focused on the circular skirt, which is attached to the corsage, the monotony of which is broken by a double row of pockets with buttoned flaps



A FEW more words must be said about the circular skirt which has been designed by Dorothy Round, as it is practical and becoming to everyone, even to those on whom shorts are not flattering; it is flared and zips neatly up the sides. There is no doubt that it will meet with great success this season. Too much cannot be said in favour of the white light-weight coats; sometimes a telling touch of colour is introduced in the collar. A very fascinating note is struck by those that are fitting and single-breasted to the waist, and then swing out rather like a cavalryman's coat. Among the sports coats are the casual swagger and the "schoolboy" blazer

Pictures by Blake



Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service with flat chased and engraved decoration, reproduced from the Antique, period George II.
 Coffee Pot . . £22.10.0
 Tea Pot, capacity

city 2 pints . £17.5.0

Sugar Basin . £5.15.0

Cream Ewer . £4.10.0

Kettle, capacity

3 pints, complete with Stand and

Lamp . . £30.0.0

Tea Tray, length 24 inches . £55.0.0

Ivory handles and knobs to the Coffee Pot, Tea Pot and Kettle.

for Finer Silverware

Fine silver is a luxury of which no one has ever repented. And for finer silverware you cannot do better than come to The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. For here you will find a living tradition, a new skill based upon a very old. Both in design and in workmanship the silver sold by The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company compares favourably with the work of the famous master-craftsmen of the past. It has the same grace, the same dignity, the same rightness of detail. But everyone has his personal preferences and needs. So The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company offer you the widest possible variety of pieces within the range of the majority of purses.

If you cannot call, remember that every day The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company are sending their illustrated catalogues to every part of England—and beyond.



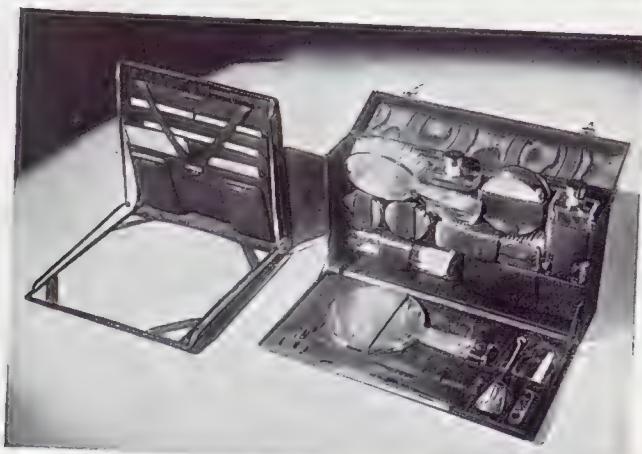
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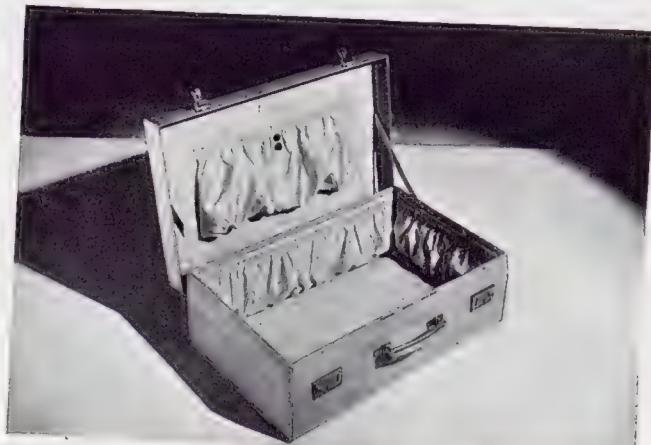
Travellers' Needs

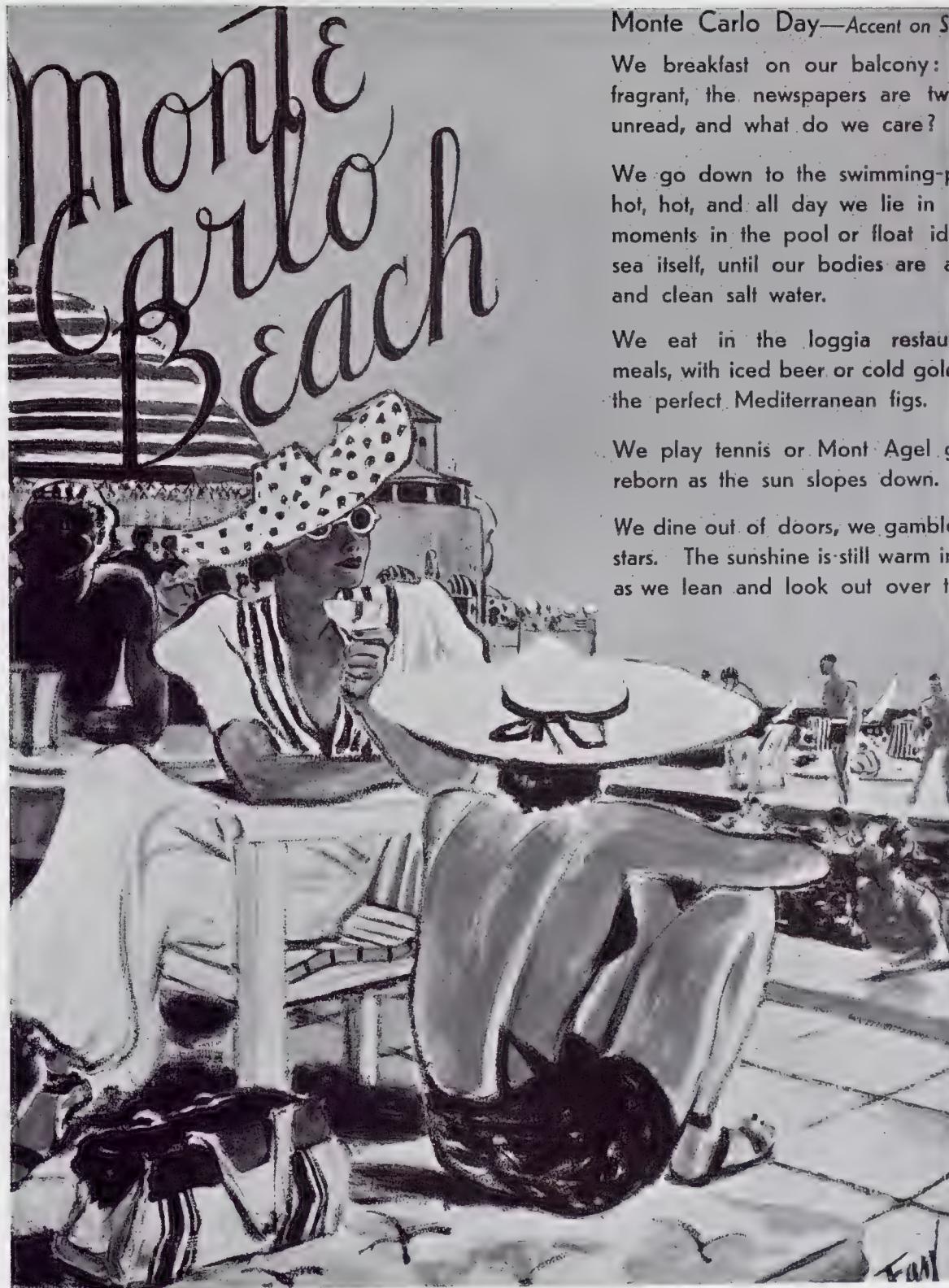


A PETIT point bag is ever a cherished possession. The one seen on the left is approximately nine inches square and costs £4 12s. 6d.; it seems almost unnecessary to add that the stitches are not of the finest. The pigskin traveller's handbag has divisions, including one for the passport and for the hundred-and-one things needed when one is on a journey. The umbrellas pictured are a guinea; they have Fox's frames and coverings of real silk. One has a Whangee handle and the other is covered with lizard skin

SURELY no better "bon voyage" gift could be found than the Exo writing case at the base of the page on the left. It is a guinea and perfectly practical; there are more elaborate affairs which are naturally more expensive. Pigskin is now dyed blue, and Finnigan's have used it for the case with the solid silver fittings designed for the traveller. If preferred, ivory might be substituted for the silver; its artistic merits must be seen to be appreciated

RAW - HIDE makes the blouse case on the right, which is lined with silk and has pockets for fittings. Mosaics that have achieved great success are the grotesque dogs in china. They are so life-like that one expects a bark in the course of a second or two, and they are from 10s. 6d.





When We Asked About Monte Carlo, They Reminded Us—

About the two Beach Hotels right down by the sea, and the famous Hotel de Paris in the town, and that this Summer, to prevent overcrowding, the latter's annexe will be open as well.

That en pension terms at each of these include lunch at the Beach Restaurant and dinner at the Summer Sporting.

About the Summer Sporting Club where centres Monte Carlo's night-life—dining, dancing, gambling in the open air—and that nowadays the dance bands play all through the evening.

That on gala nights the "feux d'artifice," fantastically doubled by their sea-reflections, are more breath-taking than ever.

Monte Carlo Day—Accent on Sunshine

We breakfast on our balcony: the air is cool and fragrant, the newspapers are two days old and still unread, and what do we care?

We go down to the swimming-pool: the sun is hot, hot, hot, and all day we lie in it, or swim for a few moments in the pool or float idly in the translucent sea itself, until our bodies are all light and warmth and clean salt water.

We eat in the loggia restaurant: cool summer meals, with iced beer or cold golden wine, and always the perfect Mediterranean figs.

We play tennis or Mont Agel golf with an energy reborn as the sun slopes down.

We dine out of doors, we gamble or dance under the stars. The sunshine is still warm in the stone balustrade as we lean and look out over the velvet hidden sea.

That water-sports include rock, sand and pool bathing, every kind of diving, water-skiing, aquaplaning and speed-boating.

That land-sports offer tennis on the Country Club's twenty-one hard courts, golf up on the cool heights of Mont Agel.

That this year that crazily exciting motor race, the Grand Prix around the Monte Carlo houses, will happen in August.

That Monte Carlo food is famous (most great chefs have worked here) and the summer standard is as high as tradition tells.

About the new "Sun Beach" cure—sun, sea, air and massage for slimming and browning, plus a special fruit and vegetable bar.

LADIES' KENNEL

The news that the Kennel Club has altered the date of its Show will be received with pleasure by most people. The Show is now to be at Olympia on October 6 and 7. This is in every way better than having it at the end of July, as proposed. By that time people are already going on holidays and have had a great many Shows, so are feeling a bit stale. The Show in October is always nice; it comes as a reunion when everyone has been away and come back and a pleasant beginning of the autumn Show season. Olympia is an absolutely ideal place for a Show—spacious, light, well ventilated, and easy to get at.

* * *

The Keeshond has come into his own; he is a particularly handsome dog and an excellent companion, being intelligent and good-tempered and especially good with children. Miss Harman has a well-known kennel of Keeshonds; she has, most unluckily, been ill for some time, so has to part with some very promising pups, four months old, as well bred as possible. There is also a litter of Cairns for disposal. They are all for sale at moderate prices, as Miss Harman cannot keep them. She hopes to restart breeding operations in her kennels directly she is strong enough. The photograph is of two prize-winners, one of which, Okebrook Cavette,



DANDIE

The property of Mrs. Crawford



KEESHONDS

The property of Miss Harman

Mrs. Crawford has a successful kennel of Dandies, Scotties, Dachshunds and Japanese at Rumbling Bridge, near Perth. She sends an interesting letter, which I will copy: "We have lots of lovely Dandie pups, both colours and both sexes, some at quite moderate prices, all strong and well reared. We have our own goats, so the pups are brought up on

* * *

The Shih Tzu, though only lately seen in this country, is a very old breed. The original ones came from Tibet as a present to the Emperor of China. They are most alluring little dogs, with all the swagger of the Pekinese. They are extremely hardy, Mrs. Brownrigg's spent the winter in an outdoor shed in Perthshire, great sportsmen and full of character, like all mountain-bred dogs. There is a good deal of confusion about their names; abroad they are frequently shown under other names. Mrs. Brownrigg got her original pair when she was in Pekin. She sends a picture of some puppies she has for sale. They are four months old, strong, healthy, and brought up outside; the parents are prize-winners. People seem interested in these attractive little dogs, and there certainly is something rather exciting in having a rare type of dog instead of a more ordinary one.

Letters to Miss BRUCE,
Nuthooks, Cadnam,
Southampton.



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Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 401)

Nerts, Scram, Sezyou, And So What, Flop, Stumer, The Woyks *inter alia*. We realise the peculiar delicacy of his lordship's present exalted position, but I think, if these things were a bit too near home, he might at least have entered into the intricacies of an application for an injunction to show cause *de bene esse*, or the law concerning *usque ad coelum, nisi prius*, or on Ancient Lights, and any possible connection which they might have assumed in the lay mind with sclerosis of the liver. Having gone so far we feel that his lordship might have taken just that little step farther.

* * * *

The next best thing to the admirable speech of H.R.H. the President at the recent dinner at the Guildhall in connection with the National Association of Boys' Clubs was that guard mounted by the company of Pikemen and Musketeers of the H.A.C. Personally, I almost forgot all about being starving and wanting a sherry and bitters, gaping at them in admiration. I think some people had an idea that it was a fancy dress parade. It was nothing of the kind, as this company is still an integral part of the ancient regiment, and carries out the old drill from the 1641 drill book on the actual parade ground of the H.A.C. at Armoury House, of which the unit took possession at that date. The kit we saw was not Tudor, as I heard someone tell someone else. The H.A.C. at that time were part of the Parliamentary Infantry and Artillery train of which Cromwell was so proud, and quite rightly, for his army was, so to speak, the bees' knees of its period in all arms. This particular unit must have been a fine sight on parade. The H.A.C. date back to long before 1641, as under the charter granted by Henry VIII, in 1537, the



Catherine Bell

BURMESE CORONATION REPRESENTATIVES: THE HON. DR. AND MRS. BA MAW

Dr. Ba Maw is the Chief Minister of Burma, which has recently achieved a new and advanced status as a separate entity of the Empire. He was one of the Empire representatives who broadcast on Coronation night

company became known as the "Masters and Rulers and Commonalty of the Fraternity or Guild of Artillery of Longbows, Crossbows and Handguns," and was empowered to shoot "at all manner of marks and butts."

They were also empowered to do a bit of shooting at the bandits who lived in the forests of Hampstead and Highgate, who were an appalling nuisance to the peaceful inhabitants of the City of London. This custom has, unhappily, fallen into disuse. At that time, however, the Highlanders of Hampstead were such an enduring bother that at the guard mounting outside the Moor Gate of London it was in orders for the Sergeant of the Guard to loose off a round into the air to let the Hampstead barnshoots know what was coming to them if they showed ugly. This order still persists, and the round is fired at 9 p.m. every night. The H.A.C. start their 400th anniversary celebrations on July 9.

* * *

News arrives from someone who has been near the Bang Boys in Spain recently and may be interesting to any who may be thinking of a pleasure trip in those parts. My friend writes:—

"This ship was three days late at Gib, so I was there five days, but enjoyed myself so much, thanks to some old pals. Blank took me all over the Rock, showed me all the social side, including the two night clubs, quite amusing, also mounted me for a ride out bound exercise in Spain. Blank got me a permit into Spain and showed me La Linea, San Rocque and Algeciras. He explained the fighting and showed me the effects of the bombardment and fire."

He saw a lot of the Moorish troops and says that they compare very favourably with any others in discipline, cleanliness and bravery in the field. Apparently even from the ship they could hear a good deal of the gunfire. Some people find that kind of noise very exhilarating.

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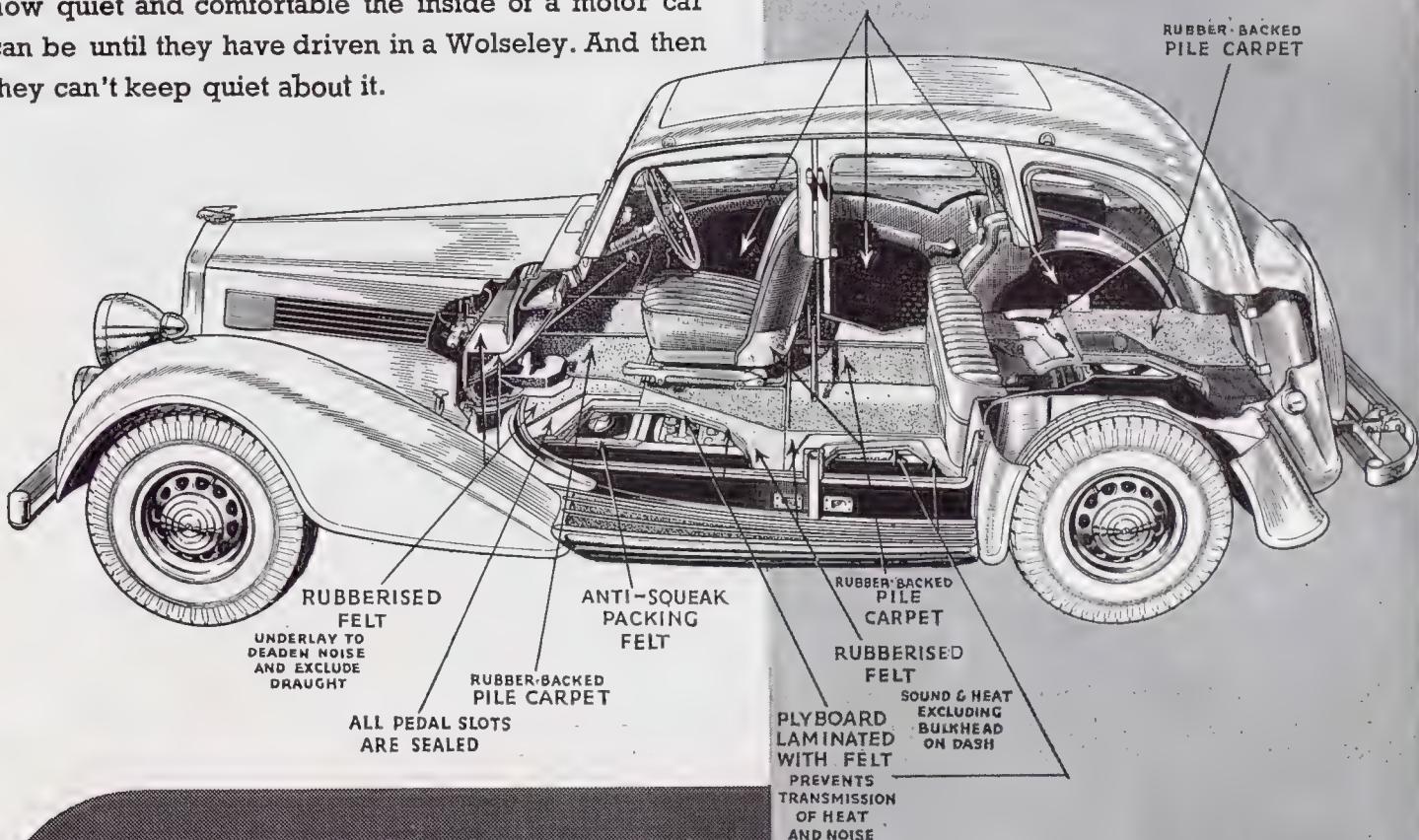
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not find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.

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At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 404

I have a shrewd suspicion that if the match had reached the stage of set-all it would never have reached a final conclusion, just as that match was never finished in which, on August 17, in 1921, at Forest Hills, Mrs. Mallory, the then reigning American champion, was leading the French invader by a set, which she had won at 6—2, and stood 1—love in the second. Here Suzanne, coughing nervously, collapsed at the side of the court, muttering: "I cannot go on. I am really too ill." But though she was examined later that afternoon by a doctor nothing wrong could be discovered, not even a sore throat. The account of this match, written at the time by Wallis Myers, with all its underlying significance, has lost nothing either in vividness or interest republished sixteen years later, and there is only one postscript to it that I should like to add myself. It was told me by Tilden last summer when he was over here. We were lunching together at the Savoy, and one anecdote was following another, when suddenly he paused and exclaimed with a reminiscent smile: "Have I ever told you my share in the rout of Suzanne by Molla Mallory at Forest Hills?" I shook my head. "Well, it was like this: about an hour before the match started Molla came to me in the club-house and asked my advice as to what tactics to use. I didn't give her any technical advice. I had a better plan than that. Psychology. Incidentally, that was before the whole world went nuts on that word. (I wish I could reproduce his slow, amused, nasal drawl.) Well, I guess I did more for Molla in half an hour than all the guys of professors could have done for her in a lifetime. I worked her up into a red-hot fever. I reminded her how she had been squashed, on court and off, when she had gone over with me in the earlier summer to take part in the French championships. I said: 'You let yourself be intimidated by her reputation then. Now you are on your own soil, now you have got the whole American people behind you to a man. Show this French dame that she's no good without her papa on the sideline, show her what Independence Day stands for.' And, by Jove, she did! She went out of the club-house straight on to court with the same look on her face as Joan of Arc must have been carrying when she went into battle. A look of sublime, smiling ecstasy"

In a way, it seems almost like going from the sublime to the ridiculous, after turning back the pages to recapture the atmosphere in which these historic encounters were waged, to start discussing present-day prospects in the tennis world. Frankly, Coronation year, where tennis is concerned, looks so far like being a frost. Perhaps I am being unduly pessimistic and things will brighten up in a few weeks' time, when Kay Stammers is back on court again, and Helen Jacobs arrives from the Continent, and Budge and his Davis Cup buddies cross the herring pond, and we catch our first glimpses of the new boy wonder from Australia, John Bromwich, who, not content, like Boy McGrath, to take two hands to his back-hand, sometimes takes two hands to his forehand, too.

But so far things have been pretty dull, and the entry at Surbiton, which is in progress as I write, was hardly what you expect of a major tournament in the metropolitan area. This, I hasten to add, was not the committee's fault, but was entirely due to the unfortunate clash with the French championships, where most of our leading players, especially on the male side, are competing. However, Surbiton did have one consolation, that they were able to open their grass courts in brilliant sunshine, and show Miss Alice Marble, who was making her English début, that the sun does sometimes shine, *one* afternoon in the week. Alas! Tuesday dawned drearily again, and I could not help feeling solicitous for Miss Marble's legs, as when I visited Berrylands she was clad in the shortest shorts that I have yet seen on court. Remembering her collapse in the Paris championships four years ago, I was nervous that there might be another breakdown, this time caused by over-exposure to our English summer. But she seemed to be bearing up extremely well, and though it is too early yet to judge her form, at present inevitably erratic after her voyage and lack of practice on grass, I should hazard a guess that if she meets Senorita Lizana at Wimbledon the match will prove every whit as thrilling as any of those described in Wallis Myers' book.

It is strange how some players at any stage of life instinctively produce an atmosphere of drama and intriguing interest whenever they appear in public. Alice Marble is one of them, and it's not due to her shorts either!

* * *

The Duke of Sutherland is president of the ball and cabaret in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund to be held at Grosvenor House on Wednesday, July 14. Members of the theatrical profession are always the first to offer their services in aid of every kind of charity both in London and in the country. The Actors' Benevolent Fund is the oldest of the theatrical charities, and is in great need of funds for actors and actresses in distress through illness, old age or unemployment. The Countess of Inchcape has consented to be chairman of the ball committee. Tickets are two guineas each to include a champagne dinner or supper, and there will be a brilliant cabaret. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Adeline Bourne, 6a, Blomfield Road, London, W.9.



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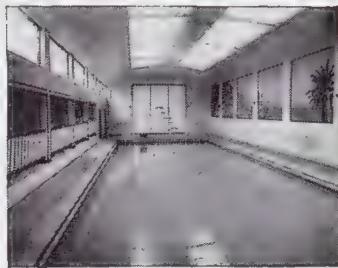
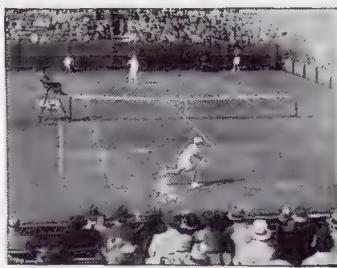
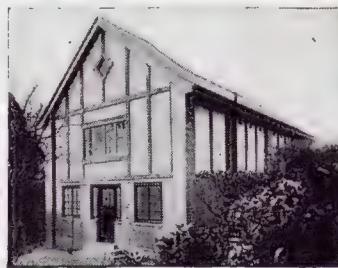
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Truman Howell

Some more pictures of Lord Tredegar's Whitsuntide house-party are in the "Pictures in the Fire" pages in this issue, and of those in the ones above the host with watch-dog is seen with Mrs. Shipman, who is well known in New York society and came over here for the Coronation. Sir L. Foster Stedman was one of those who got a knighthood in the Coronation Honours. He is well known in the cricketing world and plays for the Free Foresters and the South Wales Hunts. The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest is a daughter of the late Hon. John Bigelow, of New York, and the widow of the late Hon. Lionel Guest. Mrs. J. B. Dodge, who is in the other picture with Prince Woronzow-Dashkow, is a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest and the wife of Lt.-Col. J. B. Dodge, D.S.O.

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"The Safe Safe"—continued from p. 412

"Now turn round," he ordered.

In the bright electric light there was a rather theatrical air about the man's costume, but he appeared absolutely at his ease, and eyed his captor with what seemed like contemptuous indifference.

"So," Meyer Cohen chuckled, "the famous Shadow, eh? The man who can open any safe? Why, you conceited jackanapes, you haven't started yet—you would have been dead twice over before ever you reached my safe."

The Shadow laughed, and Cohen again had the uneasy feeling that something was wrong—had he really caught this famous burglar so easily?

"Laugh if you will," Cohen snarled. "Maybe you won't laugh when the police arrive. And now tell me, Mr. Shadow, how do you come to know—what makes you think I have the Brandstater pearls?"

The Shadow laughed again.

"So that was why you screwed up courage to trap me yourself. I wondered. A little bird called Isaacs told me."

Cohen choked and spluttered with rage.

"So. The dirty, double-crossing rat. I will deal with Isaacs. But first—I will deal with you."

Still keeping his gun trained on the burglar he picked up the telephone with his left hand.

"Police, quickly! The police? Give me Inspector Auden . . . is that the Inspector? Yes, I have him here . . . send your men right away. . . . Good."

Meyer Cohen replaced the telephone and sat eyeing his prisoner silently, while the clock ticked steadily on towards midnight. He would be glad now when all this was over and the man safely handcuffed, for he had an uneasy feeling that behind that rather terrifying black mask the man was laughing at him.

In a little while the front door bell rang.

"Stay where you are if you value your life," Cohen ordered, backing out of the room.

He slammed the door to and locked it, and hurried to open the front door and let in a police sergeant and a constable.

"The inspector's been delayed, sir . . . he's following on," the sergeant explained.

Quickly Cohen led the way, unlocked the door of the library and opened it somewhat gingerly.

The burglar stood exactly where he had left him.

"So this is the famous Shadde, is it," chuckled the sergeant as he stepped past Cohen and snapped his handcuffs on the man's wrists.

With a sigh of relief Cohen laid down his gun, while with expert hands the sergeant began searching his prisoner. House-breaking tools, torch, automatic. . . .

"What's this, sir? Looks like he's been at someone else's safe."

In one fat hand the sergeant held a rope of pearls and Meyer Cohen started forward with eyes bulging from his head.

"The Brandstater pearls!" he howled. "My pearls . . . it can't be."

With furious energy he darted to the safe. Hastily he found and turned off the hidden switches of his protective devices. Madly he spun first one and then the other of the combination dials to zero. He swung back the heavy door, snatched up a case, and with a noisy sigh of relief took from it the Brandstater pearls. Evidently the fellow had brought a fake set for some purpose. Unless. . . .

Something heavy hit him on the base of the neck, and Meyer Cohen fell to the floor unconscious.

* * * * * When he regained consciousness Inspector Auden was bending over him. He gave one glance at the empty safe and moaned aloud.

"How did he escape—the sergeant—the handcuffs."

"The sergeant," said Inspector Auden grimly, "was The Shadow. If your safe was unbreakable he evidently thought the simplest way was to let you open it yourself."

"But the telephone," Meyer Cohen howled. "I spoke myself to the police station."

"Oh, no, you didn't—that was The Shadow you spoke to. The wires were cut just outside the house, and a hand instrument wired on to the circuit."

* * * * * At this time of rejoicing and when so much is done for the new generation, the Duchess of Portland appeals for those who are old and have no happy anticipations and who have served the community in a quiet, unrecognised way for many years. These are the many old trained nurses who worked for very small salaries in the past and whose tiny savings were used to help relatives or dwindled away as they themselves became old and ill. Not many people realise that there are hundreds of them living in great poverty and haunted by the prospect of entering the "institution." Gifts will be gratefully received, and should be sent to the Duchess of Portland, c/o The Nurses' Fund for Nurses, 95, Dean Street, London, W.1.

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

In September.

The marriage is taking place at Quatford Church on September 11 between Mr. Rupert Charles Molesworth Bevan, the youngest son of the late Archdeacon and the Hon. Mrs. Bevan, of Quatford Castle, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, and Miss Dorothy Esther Bates, the youngest daughter of Mr. L. J. Bates, of Earley, Berkshire, and the late Mrs. Bates.

* * *

Next Month.

On June 1, Lieut.-Commander Charles E. Keys, R.N., marries Miss Jill Manning at Chelsea Old Church; on the same day Mr.

Octavius Samuel Wallace, Colonial Administrative Service, Northern Rhodesia, the third son of the late Octavius Wallace, barrister-at-law, Dublin, and Miss Olive Mary Harpur, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Harpur, of Miltown House, Strabane, Co. Tyrone, are being married; also in June is the marriage between Lieut. Morice Gordon Greig, the only son of the late Mr. G. E. Greig, I.S.O., formerly of the F.M.S., and of Mrs. Gordon Greig, of 6, Roehampton Close, S.W., and Miss Margaret Elizabeth Susan Readhead, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Readhead, of Great House, Hambledon, Godalming; and at the end of June there is the marriage of Mr. Robert Elliot, Royal Artillery, and Miss Doreen Perry.

Kay Vaughan

MISS MARY COLLINS

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Collins, of 31, Lennox Gardens, S.W., whose engagement was announced in April to Mr. Victor Basil John Seely, the son of the late Sir Charles Seely, Bt., and Lady Seely, of Kings Manor, Isle of Wight

Lenore
MISS MARIE McCRAE SMITH

Who is to marry Lieutenant-Commander Thomas Clive Conway Lloyd, R.N., the eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. John Lloyd, of Dinas, Brecon, South Wales, is the daughter of the late Major William Alden Smith and Mrs. Richmond Temple, of 43, Park Street, W.



May Wrightson

The elder daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North and the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North, of 63, Sydney Street, S.W., who is to marry Mr. Robert Alexander Clive Graham, the third son of the late Captain W. L. Graham, of Carfin, Carluke, Lanark, and of Lady O'Donnell, of The Moat, Charing, Kent

Recently Engaged.
Lieut. - Commander James Graham Gould, R.N., the younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Gould, and Miss Anne Pridham, the eldest daughter of Captain A. F. Pridham, Royal

Navy, of H.M.S. *Hood*, and Mrs. Pridham; Dr. William Edward ("Michael") Hadden, the younger son of the late Surgeon - Captain H. J. Hadden, R.N., and Mrs. Hadden, of West Moors, Dorset, and Miss Elaine Ruth Sherman, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Sherman, of 46, Frogmire, N.W.; Mr. Geoffrey Leslie Macnaghten, the second son of Mr. Leslie H. Macnaghten, East African Civil Service (retired), of 56, Kensington Court, W., and Mrs. Macnaghten, late of Berbera, British Somaliland, and Miss Hilary Marriott Castle, the younger daughter of Mr. Thomas A. Marriott Castle, of Tangier, Morocco, and the late Mrs. Castle; Dr. Roger Bevan, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Bevan, of 39, Gloucester Place, W., and Crowsley Grange, Henley-on-Thames, and Miss Diana Freeman, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Freeman, of 20, Collingham Place, S.W.; Mr. Grant Allen Singer, of Norman Court, Salisbury, and Miss Daphne Helen Travers, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Travers, of Bombay, India.

Octavius
Samuel Wallace, Colonial Administrative Service, Northern Rhodesia, the third son of the late Octavius Wallace, barrister-at-law, Dublin, and Miss Olive Mary Harpur, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Harpur, of Miltown House, Strabane, Co. Tyrone, are being married; also in June is the marriage between Lieut. Morice Gordon Greig, the only son of the late Mr. G. E. Greig, I.S.O., formerly of the F.M.S., and of Mrs. Gordon Greig, of 6, Roehampton Close, S.W., and Miss Margaret Elizabeth Susan Readhead, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Readhead, of Great House, Hambledon, Godalming; and at the end of June there is the marriage of Mr. Robert Elliot, Royal Artillery, and Miss Doreen Perry.

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"The tie Sir — just a shade longer on the left-hand side Sir. Allow me Sir. There. I think that does it."

"Thanks. Oh — by the way — what was that wizard story — the one you told me the other day? I fancy my future brother-in-law would appreciate it."

"The one about the two tramps Sir? Or the American gentleman in London for the first time?"

"Two tramps — yes — I've got it. I remember it now. Ha! Ha! Well — I shan't be home before two. Drop the portcullis and put the cat out. Don't wait up."

"Very good Sir. I'll leave your — ahem — glass of lime juice on your dressing table Sir."

"Lime Juice? Oh yes. It certainly did me a lot of good last time. Must pass the tip on to Mr. Charles. Something about Rose's Lime Juice neutralizing something, eh?"

"Yes Sir. In Rose's Lime Juice Sir, we have discovered a new therapeutic agent."

"Yes — er — quite. Goodnight Hawkins. Hope we shall be independent of the therapeutic qualities this evening."

"I trust so Sir — ahem — I trust so. Goodnight Sir."

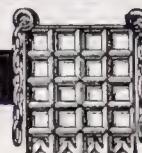
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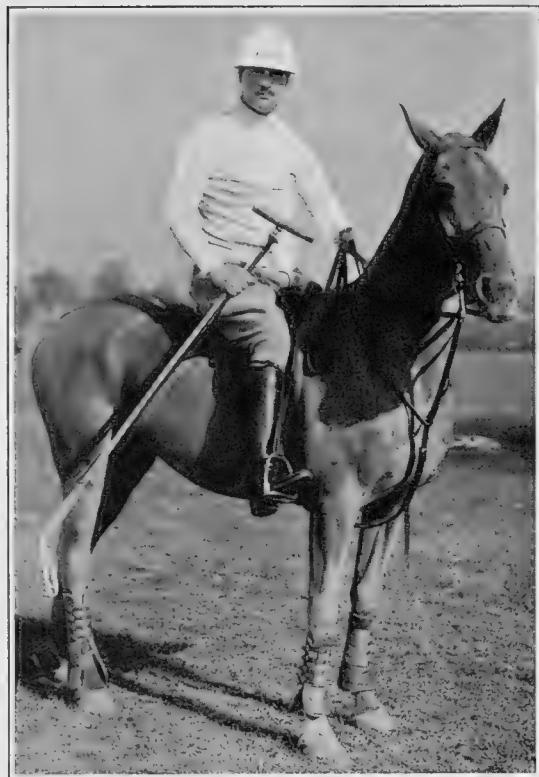


Polo Notes—continued from p. 406

Just in case I may be right about picking the winner of this year's Championship, take a look at the Championship of 1930. Goulburn (same team as this one) beat The Knaves 4-3 and The Knaves of that period were Rao Rajah Hanut Singh (recent International selection), Mr. Aidan Roark, Lt.-Col. E. G. Atkinson (International), and Major J. F. Harrison (always International class if 14 lb. lighter). Then the Old Etonians beat El Gordo (Mr. J. D. Traill, the Marquis de Villabragima, Captain G. H. Fanshawe and Mr. L. L. Lacey); then The Hurricanes (Mr. S. Sanford, Mr. G. Balding, Captain C. T. I. Roark, and Colonel P. K. Wise) beat the 17/21 Lancers 9-3, the regimental team making a very gallant fight (the team, Captain R. B. B. Cooke, Captain C. D. Miller, Captain H. C. Walford, and Lt.-Col. V. N. Lockett). Goulburn next beat the Old Etonians 9 to 7 (O.E.s were: Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington, Captain (now Lt.-Colonel) McCreery, Captain C. H. Tremayne, and Major Scott-Robson, formerly Greys). Then came the final, and The Hurricanes beat Goulburn 9-7, but they had had quite as much as they wanted before they did it. They were an International team to all practical intents and purposes and they had a bit in hand where pony power was concerned. There was not much to pick between the two sides in man power, and the winners were the first to own that their victims had nothing to learn. I do not know whether we can say there is likely to be anything as formidable as that Hurricane team this year.

* * * * *

We cannot know yet how the Nawab of Bhopal's side will fit. Individually very



LORD APSLEY

strong, it eventually lines up like this: H.H. of Bhopal (8), Rao Rajah Hanut Singh (8), Captain H. C. Walford (7), and Rao Rajah Abhey Singh (8), total 31 against Goulburn's 24, but then figures do not always prove everything. The Bhopal team is certain to be dangerous the longer it is together, but the Goulburn team has been a team for much longer than any other playing anywhere else in the wide world, and that means such a lot. The Nawab's team is beautifully mounted; that is to say, there has been nothing to stop the best ponies on offer being collected, and I am sure that the fitting will be found to be all that great knowledge plus forethought can make it, but I am sure there is a "but" in it!

* * * * *

H.H. The Nawab has had a terrific success on the turf in India in the past season, and won both the King Emperor's and Viceroy's Cups in Calcutta with the same horse, Mas d'Antibes, and he was also successful with Cardinal in the Hilliard Plate and the Kashmir Cup and Cotys in the Cooch Behar Cup. Mas d'Antibes, Zuyder Zee, Cotys and Cardinal were all entered for the Eclipse Stakes at Bombay, but Mas d'Antibes was defeated as he was also last year in the same race by a horse named Play On. The Nawab is a most popular personality and, as his handicap indicates, no novice at this polo game. He has played a tremendous lot of first-class polo in India and has been over here before, but this is his first venture as O.C. his own team in big polo in England. I am sure we all wish him luck, but I am certain that his side will have to go a bit to down these gallant Cornstalks, even though their combined handicap pans out seven less than that of the Bhopal side.

Next to foxhunting and riding in point-to-points, Lord Apsley's favourite preoccupation is the polo game, and he is usually to be found playing for one team or another in the West Country. He is very well known both with his father's hounds, the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's), and the Beaufort



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MRS. RUNCIMANLORD PORTAL, SIR HENRY M'MAHON, MR. GEOFFREY TOYE, MR. BIRD,
LORD KILMOREY AND SIR GORDON CARTER

These photographs were taken at Cowes shortly before yachts left to take up their berths for the Naval Review at Spithead. Mr. Walter Runciman is famous in the world of shipping and the Member for the St. Ives division of Cornwall. He is the only son of Lord Runciman, from whose 300-ton schooner, "Sunbeam II," he had come ashore; he owns "Altair," a 100-ton schooner. Lord Portal owns "Star of India," a steam-yacht of some 300 tons. All of these fine vessels were berthed on the southward side of the lines of warships, "Sunbeam II" in particular lying very close to the track of the Royal Yacht, in a position to look down the long perspective of the Navy at this memorable and splendid gathering.

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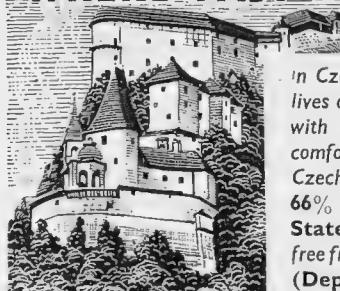
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ON A P & O CRUISE



AS the weather grows warmer diaries become more and more closely filled with important engagements covering every hour of the day or night. Women who wish to look their best on these occasions are booking appointments in Elizabeth Arden's salons at 25, Old Bond Street. Swiftly comes the aftermath—the fatigue engendered by the many social functions. It is then that intelligent women will seek the aid of further treatments in these salons as well as the preparations themselves. As the eyes are all important, attention must be drawn to the Eye Lotion; it overcomes the weariness, smarting and burning sensation caused by over-straining the eyes, and in addition smooths away wrinkles. It has passed the censorship of men as well as women all the world over. Too much cannot be said in favour of the Skin Tonic; it prevents sunburn and literally forbids the nose to annex roseate hues. As good wine needs no bush, neither do Elizabeth Arden's Cleansing and Velva Creams require words of mine to emphasise their many excellent qualities. The Cleansing Cream sinks deep into the pores and like a magnet draws forth all impurities, while the Velva Cream is noteworthy for its nourishing properties

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, need help for the widow of an English veterinary surgeon who was killed by a landslide in the Rocky Mountains. He had no private means, and, not having been trained by the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, his wife and daughter can obtain no assistance from them. The widow let rooms, and the daughter became a professional singer for a few years, but had to abandon this to help her mother, who was rapidly growing mentally senile. Eventually the peculiarities of the old lady's senility drove the boarders away: and they had no income except the mother's old-age pension and 10s. a week which we gave them. A month ago the old lady died, and her daughter, at the age of forty-five, is faced with declining health, due to privation, and no income except that which we can give her. Friends of the Poor urgently plead for donations to tide her over this difficult time.

* * *

An exhibition of portraits by Captain Sergie Rodzianko, famous horseman and international law tennis player, is on view at Frost and Reed's, 26c, King Street, St. James's, until June 5. The portraits all give evidence of the remarkable gift for likeness which this versatile Russian possesses. Princess Eugenie of Greece, who opened the exhibition, was one of his sitters.

* * *

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week that outstanding success *Over She Goes* is being presented, with Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff, together with the complete company and production from the Saville Theatre following its long run there.

* * *

In the issue of this paper of April 28 a photograph of Christine Viscountess Churchill was described as that of Viscountess Churchill and we much regret the mistake. Christine Viscountess Churchill is the daughter of the late Mr. William Sinclair, of Glasgow, and married the late Viscount Churchill as his second wife in 1927. The late Viscount died in 1934.

Concerning Golf—continued from p. 380

numbers increase and the field becomes cluttered up with players who are secretly proud if they break 80 on a calm day.

In conclusion, I hope it is not too late for the Scottish Union to change their unfortunate decision regarding this Coronation match which the English Union have arranged for June 18 at Moor Park. Wales and Ireland are each to be represented by a couple of players, but Scotland declines to take part, on the grounds that such a match ought to have been organised by either the Royal and Ancient or the Joint Advisory Council. This dog-in-the-manger attitude is not justified by the facts—which are simply that the English Union originally arranged the match as a purely domestic concern and only invited the other Unions to take part as a friendly gesture. It also invited a couple of the South Africans, but they, unfortunately, had a match at Muirfield on that day. Everyone would like to see a couple of Scotland's many first-class players come and do battle with the ladies and professionals at Moor Park. I trust that steps will be taken at once to remedy a situation that should never have arisen.

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AVISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth while when one is in Germany. This year, however, in view of the Coronation, Hanover is of particular interest to English people.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

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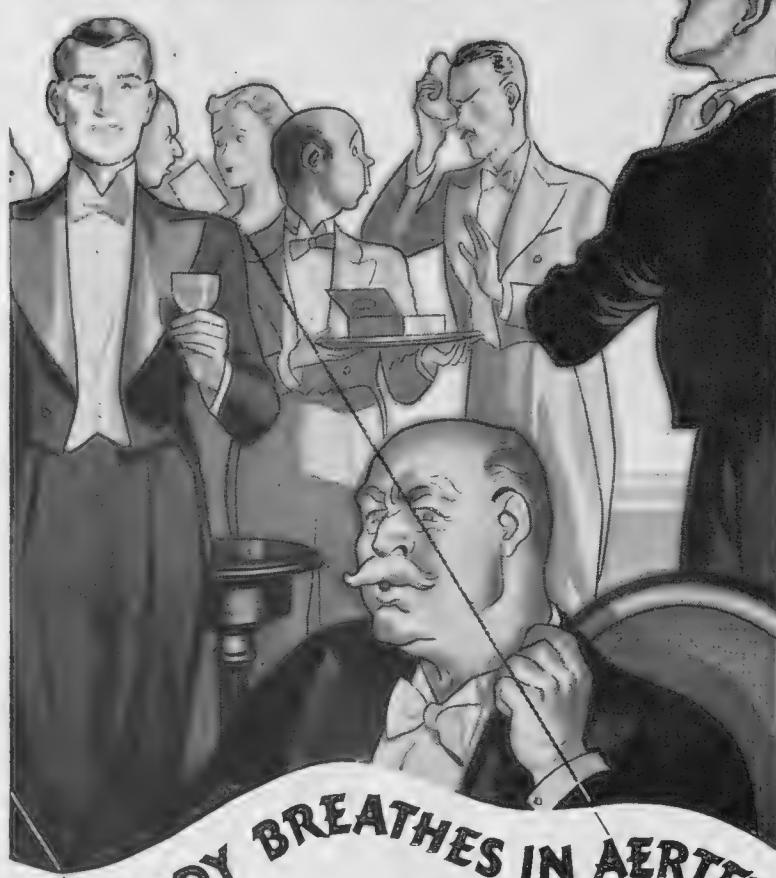
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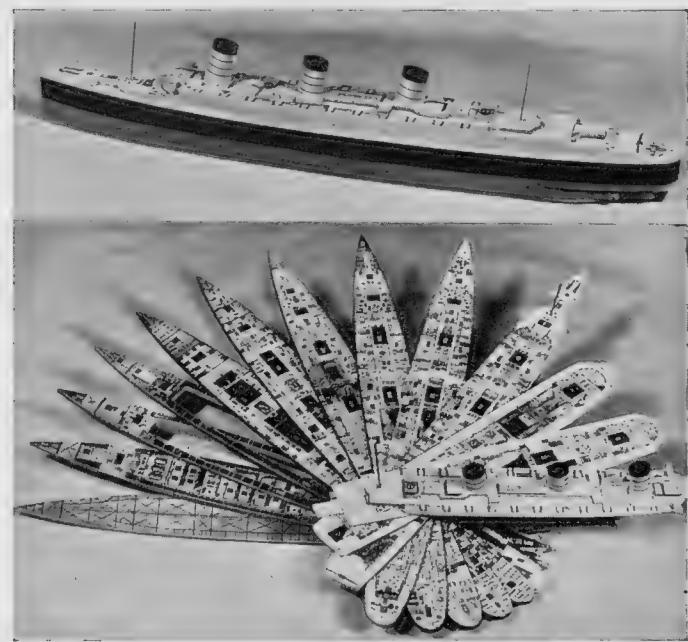


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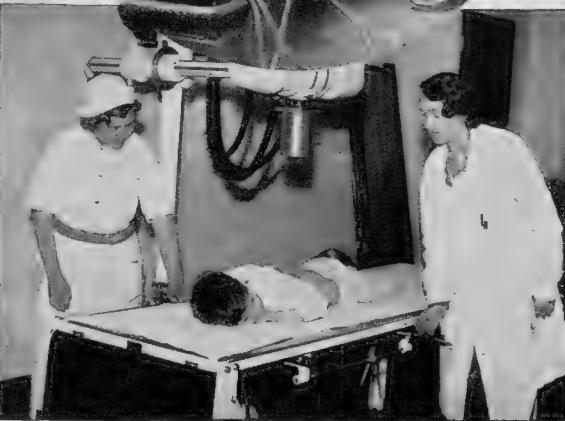
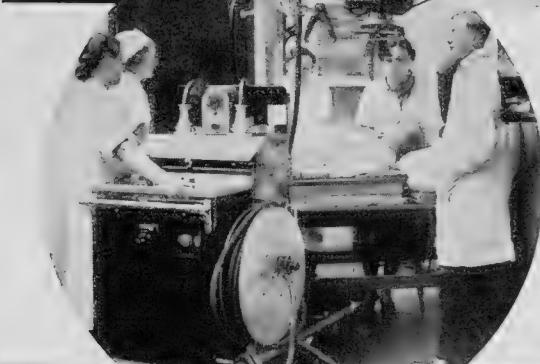
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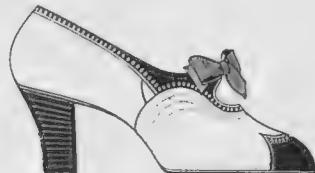
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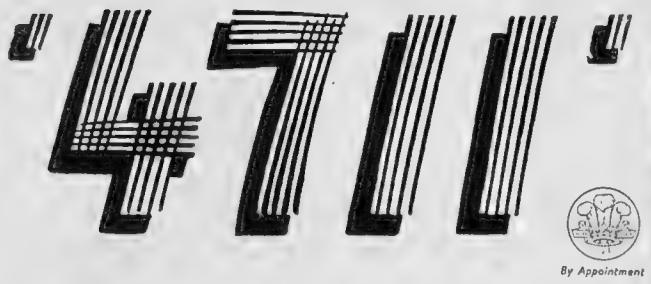


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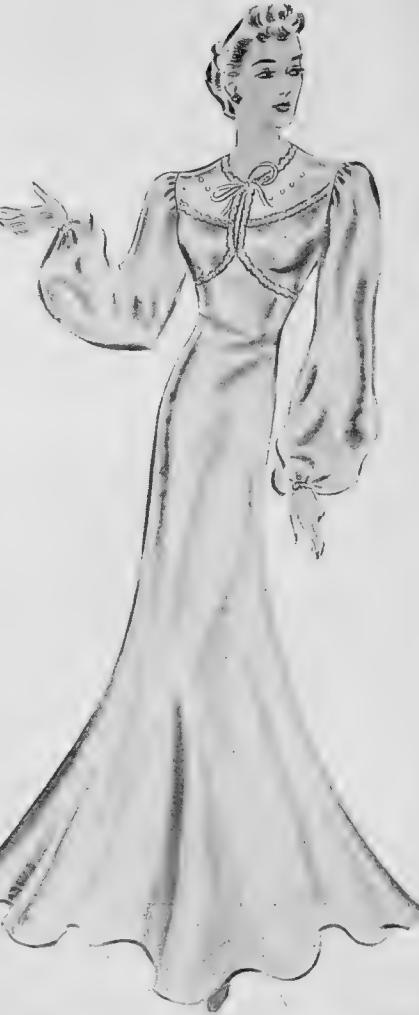
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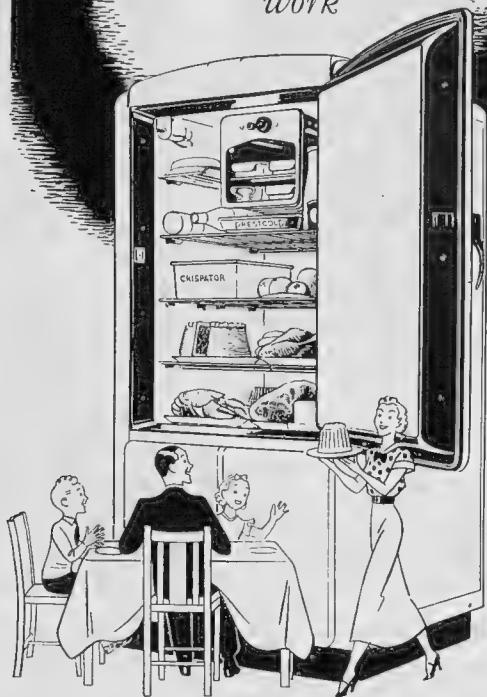


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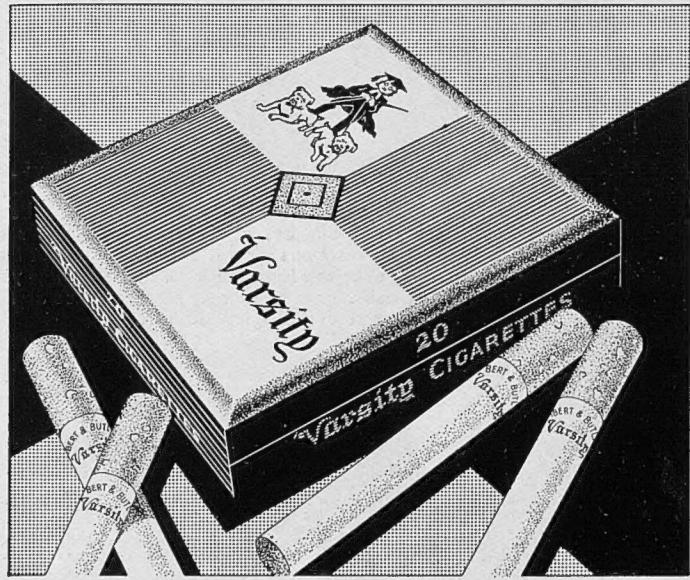


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Bled on Lake Blejsko-Jecero.—Gd. Hotel Toplice, 1st cl. hotel. Spld. posit. on lake. Swim. pool. Eng. Yugoslavia via Express Agy., 25, Cockspur St. S.W.1



'Duggie' explains -

Why the controversy?

Sir Edward: "There was a heated controversy at 'Noodles' last night as to the merits of betting with the Tote or bookmakers."

Duggie: "All ended indefinitely, I suppose."

Sir Edward: "Very. That's really why I came to see you. Quite candidly, what is your opinion?"

Duggie: "To arrive at the merits of both systems of betting one must take into account the class of animal backed."

Sir Edward: "I hardly follow you."

Duggie: "If the horses are public fancies, usually called 'form' horses, then there is no question that the bookmakers' odds are more consistently favourable."

Sir Edward: "Ah, I begin to understand. These are the horses that appeal most to backers."

Duggie: "Yes, but if one wanted to back outsiders, i.e., horses with no form or (on paper) no pretension to winning, then I'll be perfectly honest and admit that 'Tote' prices would be advantageous."

Sir Edward: "Very clearly put, Duggie. I suppose such horses only attract a lone backer here and there. These points had not occurred to me. Next time I'll be able to take active part in the argument. Of course, you are only referring to win bets. How does place betting compare?"

Duggie: "Bookmakers' odds are far and away the best. I think this is generally recognised, but with all due respect to your fellow members, I really cannot see the occasion for any controversy."

Sir Edward: "But surely you'll admit that a man is entitled to place his bets where he gets the best odds?"

Duggie: "Exactly, that's just my point, my clients can bet whichever way they like—Tote or Starting Price—and if they prefer the Tote they have the further advantage of 5% added to their win bets and 25% to their place bets."

Sir Edward: "Wonderful! You certainly live up to your reputation."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

Ltd.

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.